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Wanted—Professors of Foresight!

By H. G. WELLS

At the close of the programme on November 19 which related in sound the progress in communications made during the period 1922-32, Mr. H. G. Wells delivered the following striking talk on the problems likely to be raised for us by future developments, and the necessity for preparing mankind to deal adequately with them

WHEN I was a student, half a century ago, we used to talk of the abolition of distance, because of those then comparatively recent triumphs, the telegraph, the steamship and the railway train. Some of us knew already of the possibility of radio, but nobody believed we should live to take a ticket and fly round the world. The swiftest thing upon the road was a bicycle, and television seemed a fantastic impossibility.

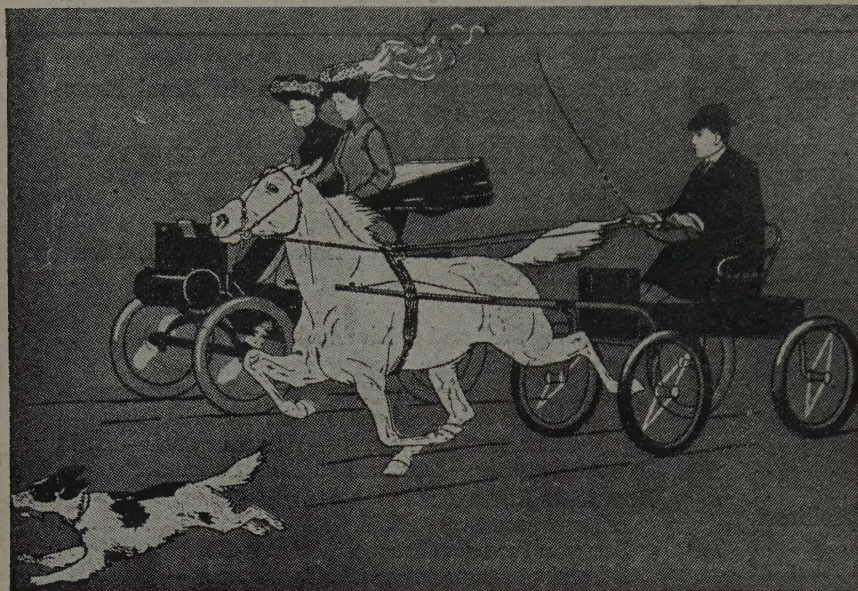
All my life I have seen that abolition of distance becoming more and more complete. Much of what you have heard as matter of fact tonight would have seemed fantastic when I was already a young man. And even now I am not very old. In a little while all round the earth will be a few days' journey, and everybody will be potentially within sight and sound of everybody all over the planet. There will be no more distance left and little separation. You will be able to see and talk to your friends anywhere in the world as easily and surely as you send a telegram today. So plainly are things driving in that direction that it would be childish to argue about this or elaborate it. Before another half-century has passed everybody, so to speak, will be on call next door. You cannot doubt it.

All this is wonderful—all that we have done and all that we are plainly going to do. But I want to call your attention to something still more wonderful—something that we have not done. For all practical purposes, we have not even begun to think yet what we are going to do about this abolition of distance. We have let it happen to us and we are going on as though it did not matter at all. We are all of us behaving as though there were no need whatever to adapt our lives and ideas in any way to these new conditions. But, indeed, that adaptation is the most urgent need of the present time.

It seems an odd thing to me that though we have thousands and thousands of professors and hundreds of thousands of students of history working upon the records of the past, there is not a single person anywhere who makes a whole-time job of estimating the future consequences of new inventions and new devices. There is not a single Professor of Foresight in the world. But why shouldn't there be? All these new things, these new inventions and new powers, come crowding along; every one is fraught with consequences, and yet it is only after something has hit us hard that we set about dealing with it.

See how unprepared our world was for the motor-car. The motor-car ought to have been anticipated at the beginning of this century. It was bound to come. It was bound to be cheapened and made abundant. It was bound to change our roads, take passenger and goods traffic

from the railways, alter the distribution of our population, congest our towns with traffic. It was bound to make it possible for a man to commit a robbery or murder in Devonshire overnight and breakfast in London or Birmingham. Did we do anything to work out any of these consequences of the motor-car before they came? We did nothing to our roads until they were choked; we did nothing to adjust our railroads to fit in with this new



'In the case of the motor car we have let consequence after consequence take us by surprise'

By courtesy of the Royal Automobile Club

element in life until they were overtaken and bankrupt; we have still to bring our police up to date with the motor bandit. That is what I mean by want of Foresight.

In the case of the motor-car we have let consequence after consequence take us by surprise. Then we have tried our remedies—belatedly. And exactly the same thing is happening in regard to every other improvement in locomotion and communication. We are abolishing distance, heedlessly, recklessly. Isn't it plain that we ought to have not simply one or two Professors of Foresight, but whole Faculties and Departments of Foresight, doing all they can to anticipate and prepare for the consequences of this gathering together, this bunching up, which is now going on, of what were once widely dispersed human relationships?

We need to organise Foresight in these matters very urgently indeed, because, you see, it is not only that men will be able to get at and see and talk to their friends anywhere; they will also be able to get at those they suppose their enemies with an equal facility. You have not had that side of progress put to you quite so vividly tonight, for various reasons. Let me ask you how long you suppose it is before it becomes possible for men to pack up a parcel of explosives or poison-gas or incendiary matter or any little thing of that sort and send it up into the air to travel to just any chosen spot in the world and drop its load. For my own part I do not think it is going to be so very long before that is practicable. Our military people still stick to guns that carry only twenty miles or so, or aeroplanes that must fight their way through hostile

planes and gun-fire, to drop whatever they do drop. But nobody believes that these things mark the extreme range of offensive activities. Air torpedoes for anywhere, bomb, gas and flame delivered wherever you like, or don't like, at any time, this is one of the manifest possibilities to which all this improvement in communication is leading—that is to say if we go on much longer without taking hold of the war problem much more courageously than we have done hitherto. Tonight we are confronted with two facts, one bad and one good; the first, which has only been hinted at, that acts of war have become hideously immediate and far reaching; and the second that the whole round world can be brought together into one brotherhood, into one communion, one close-knit freely communicating citizenship, far more easily today, than was possible with even such a little country as England a century ago.

There are no Professors of Foresight as yet, but I am by way of being an amateur. Let me draw a plain conclusion from to-night's audition. Either we must make peace throughout the world, make one world-state, one world-pax, with one money, one police, one speech and one brotherhood, however hard that task may seem, or we must prepare to live with the voice of the stranger in our ears, with the eyes of the stranger in our homes, with the knife of the stranger always at our throats, in fear and in danger of death, enemy-neighbours with the rest of our species. Distance *was* protection, *was* safety, though it meant also ignorance and indifference and a narrow, unstimulated life. For good or evil, distance has been done away with. This problem of communications rushes upon us today—it rushes upon us like Jehu the son of Nimshi.

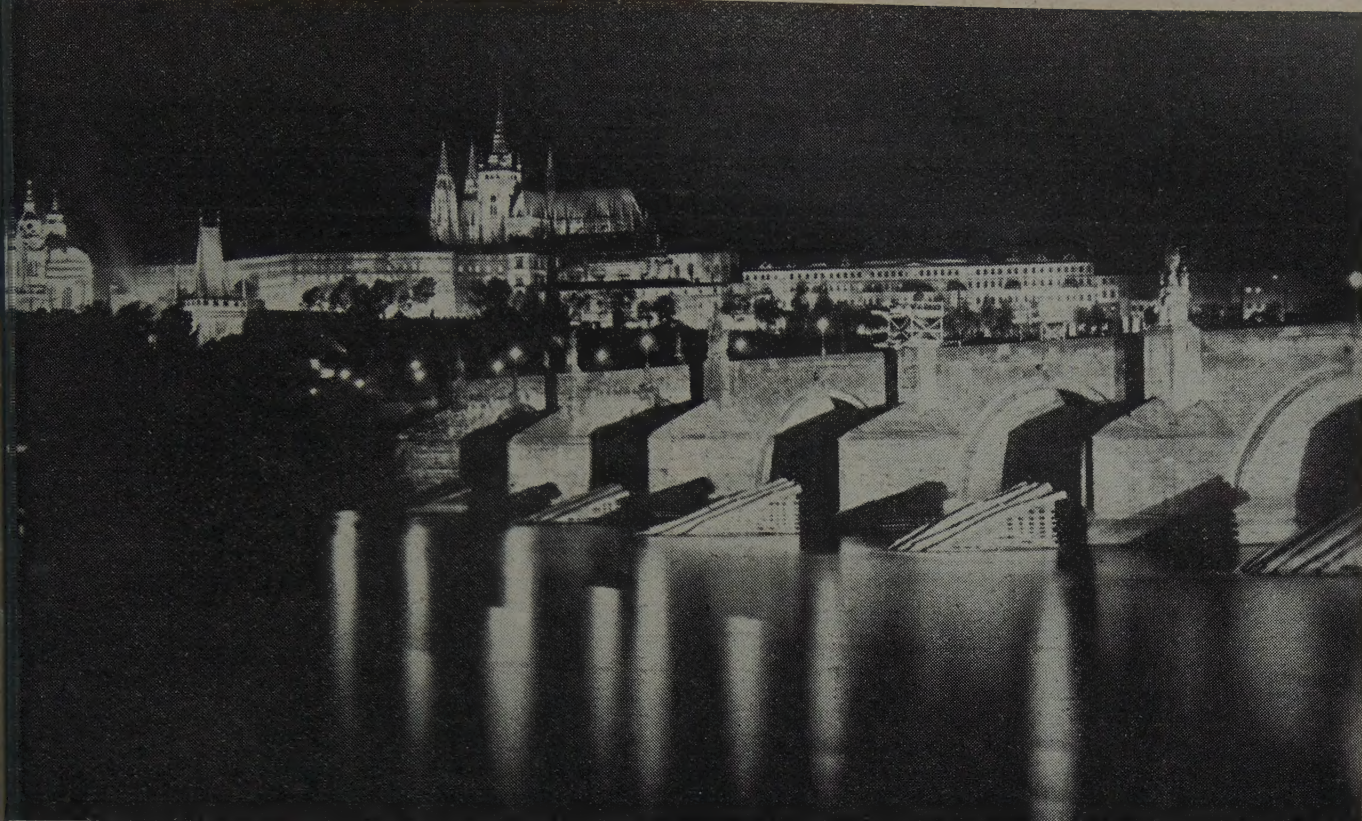


The caricaturists have often been our best Professors of Foresight as this anticipation of future traffic congestion, drawn in Vienna in 1842, indicates

From 'The Highway and its Vehicles' by Hilaire Belloc (Studio)

It driveth furiously. And it evokes the same question: Is it peace?

Because if it is not to be peace foreseen and planned and established, then it will be disaster and death. Will there be no Foresight until those bombs begin to rain upon us?



Prague by Night

From 'Slump' by H. Hessel Tiltman (Jarrolds)

*The World and Ourselves**The Heritage of Bohemia*

By VERNON BARTLETT

Mr. Vernon Bartlett's talk on November 17 from Prague served to introduce an address by the President of the Czechoslovakian Republic, Dr. T. G. Masaryk

PRAGUE is so incredibly picturesque that it is difficult to remember that the Czechoslovaks have their political and economic worries like other people. I suppose I have been luckier than a good many people in having chances to travel a bit, but I have generally found that at any rate the larger cities are less beautiful than one had expected them to be. I think that so far only three places have not been just a little bit of a disappointment—Stockholm, Danzig and Prague. Doubtless other cities are more cheerful, or grow on you more when you know them better, but I do not think that even in Rome have I wished so much as I do in Prague that they really taught us European history in ordinary English schools.

Here was the home, 600 years ago, of the blind King John of Bohemia, who was killed by the Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy, and who now lies buried in a hilltop in Luxembourg. His son made this city the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, and from that time onwards architects of every period and every European school have been busy here. And Prague has one thing which even Rome has not got—an infinite variety of narrow tortuous passages and arcades and low archways, so mysterious and dark that you would believe any legend about them. An amazing setting for a sinister film of the Middle Ages!

I may sound like a tourist agent, but you would forgive me if you could see the view from the house where I am staying. On my left, on a hill above the river, is the old castle from the windows of which, more than three centuries ago, two important Ministers were hurled by their angry Protestant colleagues. This act—rather comically referred to as 'The Defenestration'—did not hurt those two men, but it started the Thirty Years' War. Straight ahead of me is a tower on the city's oldest bridge, which was still being defended by the students of Prague against the Swedes when that war came

to its end. Near by was a famous ghetto with nine gates that were closed at nightfall, so that the Jews could not wander; but there is little now to remind you of it beyond two statues, one of a Christian and one of a Jew, each standing just inside the other's former territory, to show that the barriers no longer exist. Away beyond the jumble of roofs and spires and domes of baroque churches is a large square named after an early King of Bohemia, none other than the Good King Wenceslas of our Christmas carol.

So that there is, I hope, some little excuse if, fascinated by the Prague of yesterday, I seem rather to have missed and neglected the Czechoslovakia of today. Besides, yesterday helps one to understand today, for it is important to remember that although Czech almost disappeared as a written language during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Prague has been the capital of an Empire that at one time stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic. So Shakespeare was no fool when he wrote of the sea-coast of Bohemia.

It is much easier to understand how President Masaryk has become a national hero when one comes across the street in which lived that fearless religious reformer and national leader, John Huss. It is much easier to realise how, with these historic memories lurking in the background of national consciousness, the people followed the lead given them by Masaryk and his friends before and during the War in reviving the idea of an independent Bohemia and in carrying that idea through, so that the maps of today show in the very centre of Europe that long, narrow country we know as Czechoslovakia.

President Masaryk is now eighty-two years of age. When I was speaking from Berlin, I suggested how much the fate of Germany depends upon that other great octogenarian, President Hindenburg. Czechoslovakia may need President Masaryk less, for her political difficulties are nothing like so serious as

those of Germany, but she owes him even more, and I am glad to say that President Masaryk has agreed to speak to you to-night from his study in that ancient castle standing above the city of Prague of which I have tried to give you a little idea in this short talk. It says a good deal for the fundamental common-sense of the Czechoslovakians that they should have chosen as the first President of their Republic a Professor of Moral

Philosophy, a man who has always been on the side of moderation, at a time when, and in a part of the world where, national passions are easily aroused, a man who, despite a rise to fame such as is rare in history—for his father was a simple coachman on one of the Imperial estates—has never lost his modesty, his clearness of vision, his ability to believe the best of all men, and consequently to get the best out of most of them.

Czechoslovakia and Europe

By President T. G. MASARYK

I HAVE accepted an invitation to say a few words to the English public. I am thus given an opportunity of returning in thought to the country whose political and social life attracted me long before the Great War, a country from whose philosophy, literature, art and political life I have so often derived enjoyment and benefit.

I recall particularly the many months during the War, in 1915, 1916 and 1917, which I spent in England—mainly in London, where I laboured as an exile in the cause of my nation's liberty. In England I found many true friends, many appreciative listeners at London University, whose Professor I have been elected, and, above all, a lively appreciation and more than political help for my country in her struggle for freedom. That help was granted by the living, practical humanity of the English people, their true democracy and genuine international solidarity. I recall these fundamental features of English policy during the War at this period of grievous difficulties, because I think they revealed tendencies which may, and finally must, free Europe and the world of today from the uprising under which all countries are suffering. But I recall now with pleasure how the English sense of order caused me some difficulties. The police of my district controlling my passport—it was 1915—could not understand how an Austrian citizen could be a Czechoslovak. My friends had to intervene and see Scotland Yard. Sir Basil Thomson was very nice, and when going from London to Russia I received from him an English passport which I make use of when I travel abroad incognito.

But to revert to the present time. The European and non-European nations created after the War in the League of Nations a comparatively very efficient instrument for the international application of democracy and justice. It is certainly necessary to make use of it and to support it, especially when it has arrived at a solution of the more serious of its tasks, the question of the permanent assurance of peace and of disarmament. I am happy to remember that our Bohemian King George in the fifteenth century tried to organise a Pan-European League for International Peace, and at that time the founder of the Bohemian Church of Brezno became the advocate of non-resistance. There can, of course, be no doubt that political difficulties and crises are, to a certain extent, rooted in economic difficulties, just as, on the other hand, economic difficulties and crises are influenced and graduated by political difficulties. To point out the way of escape from existing economic troubles is the special task of political economists and financiers, but I am convinced that here, too, it is mainly a matter of how to return to international solidarity and collaboration.

I often hear and read about the Balkanisation of Europe, as if the new small States had caused the economic difficulties. That is a great mistake. What of the United States, England, France and the rest of the great countries experiencing the same crisis? All people of goodwill must get together to work towards the ultimate ideal, which means not only to get out of the present crisis, but also to prepare the absolutely necessary atmosphere for lasting peace.

Unless there is a change in our hearts, disarmament as such is not enough for the future. We all, I hope, have realised that there must not be another war. There are a great many other problems in the troubled world of today, but we must settle them in friendly and honest discussion. For they will not be solved by bombing cities and killing innocent women and children. We need confidence in each other instead of poisonous gas. If the coming World Economic Conference

will help towards a solution of our financial and business troubles, it is equally important for the Disarmament Conference to go as far as is humanly possible towards preparing a lasting peace. The co-operation of America in both instances is extremely important, and I expect the two Anglo-Saxon countries to do their share. The times of any thought of splendid isolation are over. We are all in the same boat.

Of Czechoslovakia I should like to say that we have never lost sight of our responsibilities in these directions. We have aimed at the greatest possible measure of internal order and stability. We are convinced that by the application of this endeavour, not without success, we not only best serve ourselves but also facilitate the European and international situation. Our second endeavour has always been to maintain good relations with our neighbours. We are always ready to collaborate in the economic, cultural and political spheres, for we remain true to the principles of peace, justice and democracy, also in respect of foreign and international policy. I believe that fidelity to these principles is the surest means to cure the present ills.

If this policy is to be soundly based it must, of course, spring from the democratic spirit of the nations and their education. Today we are not lacking the means for such education. Technical progress is continually placing such new means at our disposal. One of them is broadcasting, which is becoming one of the most popular bonds of union among the nations, as well as one of the most suitable instruments for the spread of culture and art and of political education. Our great Comenius, in one of his prophetic utterances, emphasised the connection between technical progress and general education, for as early as the seventeenth century he wrote:

There will come a time when there will be ships sailing not only on the water but under the water; airships will be constructed, and people will fly from Europe to Asia and Africa; instruments will be invented which will enable friends to speak together over a distance of more than a hundred miles through the air; and an apparatus will be constructed with which it will be possible to see everything as in actual life. If you wish these tangible things to come to pass, see to it that in every parish there are numbers of wise people who care for sound administration of local affairs and for proper education for the young. For the greatest wealth of a parish consists in its wise citizens, and of these there will be no lack if the young are led to wisdom.

I believe that the spread of broadcasting is a direct document of progress and sense for education and culture. I do not hesitate in this connection to express my appreciation of the work done by the British Broadcasting Corporation during the ten years of its existence, and I will conclude with a wish for its further progress and with a cordial greeting to the British nation.

Listeners who are following Mr. Vernon Bartlett's broadcasts from the various European capitals may feel the need of a background of current information about life and conditions in the countries of which Mr. Bartlett is giving his impressions. Such a background would be very effectively supplied by H. Hessel Tiltman's *Slump!* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), which is based upon a recent tour which the author has made of eight continental countries which have been stricken by the prevailing economic depression. First hand descriptions, supported with illuminating statistics, are given of the effects of unemployment upon home and industrial life in Germany, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium and Holland. Mr. Tiltman writes with a vigorous and vivid pen, bringing home to us with startling clarity the plight in which the peoples of Europe—peasant, mechanic, trader and industrialist—are alike involved. Every student of international affairs should take a look at this arresting book.

Prague of To-Day



Bathing in the river at Prague



Hall of a village Sokol or gymnasium near Prague

From 'Slump!' by H. Hessel Tiltman (Jarrolds)



New apartment houses in Prague



New Roman Catholic Church of St. Wenceslas in suburb of Prague

France's Disarmament Plan

By P. J. NOEL BAKER

On Armistice Day, Mr. Noel Baker broadcast from Geneva this account of France's latest contribution to the solution of Europe's greatest problem

ONLY on the basis of a community of all nations without distinction and on a basis of perfect equality can mutual assistance and justice become the true guiding stars of the destiny of mankind. Germany is firmly resolved to found her policy upon these lofty ideals. Universality, equality, mutual assistance, justice'. It was Stresemann who thus defined the purposes of the League in the closing sentences of the speech he made to the Assembly when Germany first became a member.

No one who was there will ever forget the deep impression which his speech produced. Picture his square, Teutonic figure. The memory of his harsh, persuasive tones remains as a promise and as a symbol of the noble contribution which Germany some day will make to the peaceful organisation of the world. Nor will anyone forget the response made for the Assembly by a figure no less noble than Stresemann himself. It was Briand, the Foreign Minister of France, who was called on to reply. Equality, mutual assistance, justice—he accepted them all, freely, fully, without reserve. 'Is it not a moving spectacle', he asked, 'when we think that, only a few years after the most frightful war which has ever devastated the world, when the battlefields have hardly ceased to reek with blood, when the people—the same people who were hurled in combat against each other—are meeting in this peaceful Assembly and are expressing to each other their common will to collaborate in the work of world peace? Peace with Germany and with France. That means that we have done with the long series of terrible and sanguinary conflicts which have stained the pages of our history. We have done with the black veils of mourning, the suffering which can never be appeased. Done with war. Done with brutal and sanguinary methods of settling our disputes. True, differences between us still exist, but henceforth it will be for the judge to declare the law. Away with rifles, machine-guns, cannon. Clear the way for conciliation, arbitration, peace'.

As I quote the words, I cannot forget the emotion of that historic scene in the bare old Hall of the Reformation. I seem to hear the deep vibrant music of Briand's voice, I seem to see the strange beauty of his head, the stoop of his shoulders, the magic power of his smile and the movement of his hands; and as I remember these things I find it hard to believe that Briand, who but a few months ago was still among us, is gone.

What the French Election Meant

Briand is gone, but his work lives on. He died last March, and in May his countrymen gave a verdict at the poll such as Briand himself had hardly dared to hope for. It was, as every Frenchman told you, an Election of Disarmament and Peace more definitely and consciously confined to that one issue than any General Election of modern times, and by an overwhelming majority of votes those who stood for Briand's policy of disarmament and peace were returned to power.

The new French plan is the result of that election. Indeed, it cannot be usefully discussed or understood except against the background of that election. For it is a plan made, not by experts, not by a General Staff, not by theorists sitting with their heads in a cloud; it is not a soldiers' plan nor a pacifists' plan; it is a plan made, indeed, with the help both of theorists and experts, of soldiers and pacifists, but it is born—and this is the important thing about it—of the forces that now control the Parliament of France. It is, in the eyes of the Frenchmen who have made it, a great democratic charter of equality, of mutual assistance, of justice, of disarmament, a charter for their own nation, for the war-torn continent of Europe and for the world.

Let no one think it is a small or trivial thing, this French constructive plan. It is a new effort to complete what Briand and Stresemann began, and in France it is the greatest thing that has happened for many a day. The Government of M. Herriot who have put it forward have staked their very existence on its success. The Minister of War, Paul Boncour, who has drawn it up and fought it through, has risked his whole political career. The peace forces of the country may be

smashed for a generation if it fails. The country has been stirred from top to bottom by the new hope, the new dream of tranquillity and peace which their Government has held before their eyes. You may be very certain that M. Herriot and M. Boncour will not leave this Disarmament Conference at Geneva without making their proposals the biggest thing in European politics to-day.

Equality, Mutual Assistance, Justice

What then is this scheme, what is this constructive plan, as they like to call it? In telling you what it means I am not expressing opinions of my own; I am simply trying to interpret to you the speeches in which the French Prime Minister and the Minister for War have explained their project. I am trying to tell you, in the light of the many talks I have had with Frenchmen in Geneva and in Paris, what those who drew it up believe it means. I must start from Stresemann's formula of 1926—equality, mutual assistance, justice. It is upon those three foundations that the French Plan for Disarmament is built, and without them their disarmament proposals would never have been put forward. Let me take them in turn.

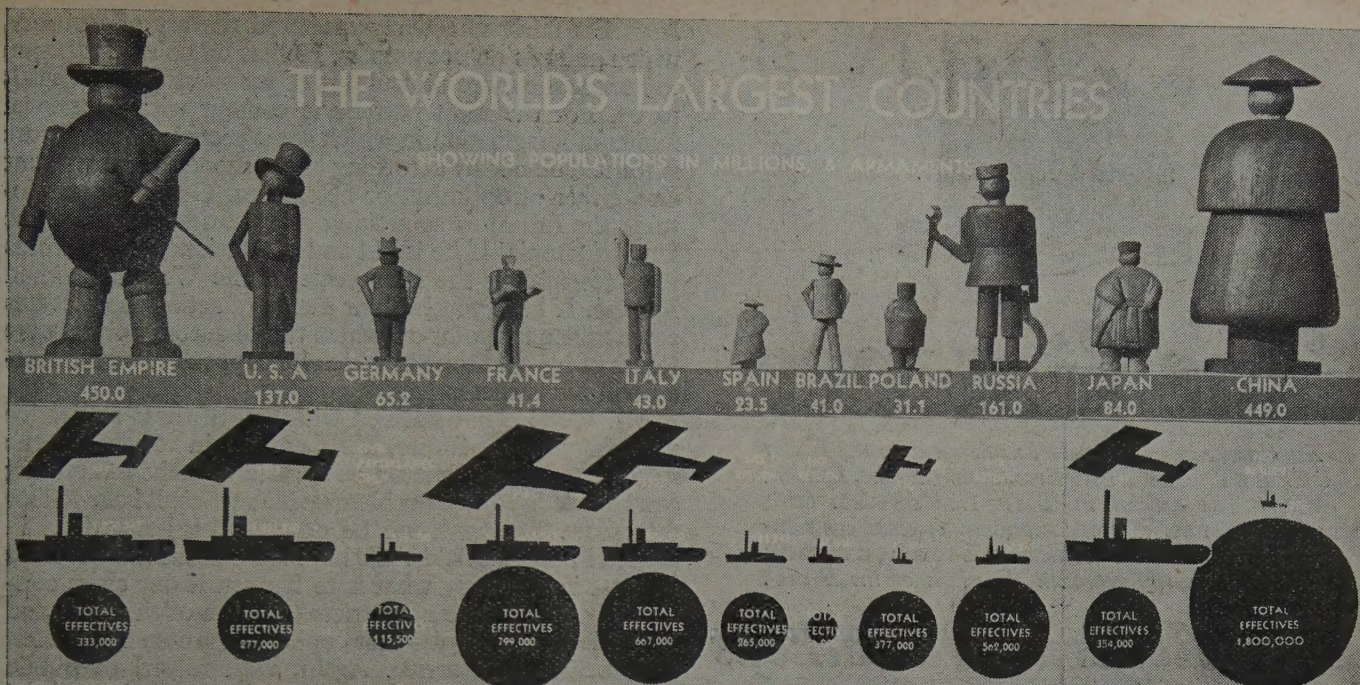
First, equality. Not long ago the German Government of Herr von Papen left the Disarmament Conference because their claim to equality of status in armaments had not been recognised. This French plan does recognise it. I had a talk the other day in Paris with Léon Blum, the Socialist leader who made such a magnificent oration in the Chamber when M. Herriot first explained the outline of his plan. Blum told me he had begun his speech by what he thought would be the most difficult for the Chamber to accept; he had declared without reserve that on moral, legal and political grounds Germany's claim to equality could not be resisted; and he told me that even on this extreme proposition the vast majority of the Chamber had agreed. Other members of the Chamber have told me that from first to last Blum had almost unanimous support. As one of them said, they would have passed with acclamation a motion that the Chamber approve the speech of Léon Blum.

That means that the French Parliament is ready to wipe out the stigma of the Treaty of Versailles. It is ready to say to Germany, 'You were forcibly disarmed by Part V of the Treaty of Versailles. We, France, are ready to tear up that vital chapter of the Treaty. We are ready to abolish the differences of military systems which it imposes on you. We are prepared—not all at once, perhaps, but by rapid stages—to adopt a system of defence which shall be the same for all. We grant you the full equality of status that you ask for. But let us add, and let it be clearly understood, we grant it on the plain condition that you, Germany, will loyally co-operate with us in organising peace'.

Organising peace! That brings me to the second and third point in Stresemann's German programme—justice and mutual assistance. What does M. Herriot mean when he talks of organising peace? He means security. He means that security and disarmament must go together. The word 'security' has come to have a sinister meaning in British ears, but M. Herriot has never ceased to tell us that he does not mean security in any narrow, selfish sense. He does not mean the military dominance of France. He does not mean securing for ever the inviolability of the *status quo*. He does not mean holding Germany for ever in the chains of Versailles. Is he not now proposing to tear up Part V of that Treaty? He does not mean a security that will simply ensure him victory in the next inevitable war. He means equal security for every nation—security for Germany and France alike, security that the next war, if it is humanly possible to prevent it, will never even be begun. He means that disarmament shall mean effective peace, not merely lay weak nations at the mercy of the strong.

Abolition of Neutrality

How is this security to be accomplished? He proposes three new classes of pact—three concentric circles, as Paul Boncour has described it. In the outer circle come the signatories to



Pictorial diagram of the population and armaments of the world's largest countries, compiled from the latest figures supplied to the League of Nations

The armed forces of the British Empire represent those of Great Britain, only, with which she has also to protect her large and scattered Dominions, while the German Army does not include any pseudo-military political organisations. It should be noted that Great Britain and America are the only Powers with a military organisation on a voluntary basis

Vidi Copyright

the Briand-Kellogg Pact—Members of the League, the United States, Russia, and all the rest. They have agreed already, by their Pact, to outlaw war. France now proposes that this outlawry shall be made effective. Using the very words of the American Foreign Secretary, Mr. Stimson, France proposes that every nation shall now agree if a State commits the crime of war it shall no longer have the right which the old law of neutrality used to confer upon it: neutrality—the supply of munitions, the trading which helps the aggressor State to win a war—shall be abolished. 'Since the Covenant has already abolished neutrality for us, it can only help us', says France, 'and above all it can only help Great Britain, if America and Russia will do the same'.

In the second circle come the present members of the League. They are asked to reaffirm their signatures to the Covenant of the Locarno Treaty and to other League agreements against war. They are asked for no new commitments of any kind. Since Mr. Baldwin reaffirmed our adherence to the Covenant of Locarno in his broadcast speech at the Guildhall Banquet, there is here no ground for expecting difficulties of any kind.

Alliance of All Europe against War

There remains the third circle the new Pact proposed for the Continent of Europe. It is in the Continent of Europe, say the French, that world-wars commence. No continental nation can hope to stand aside if any large-scale conflict begins. They have all a common interest to stand together to prevent war. They propose, therefore, that all Europe should accept the General Act of Arbitration which France, Great Britain and Italy have already signed. They propose a new system for settling by immediate international reports when an invasion of foreign territory has occurred. They propose an agreement to bring military help to the victim country, and to this end they suggest that every nation should keep a specially trained and equipped contingent for the service of the League. They propose, too, an international force of aircraft in the permanent service of the League, and in their conception this new system would end the whole pernicious system of rival alliances and groupings which we have inherited from the past. Henceforward there would be only one great alliance, the alliance of all Europe against war. That, in outline, is the Security Plan which France proposes. No new responsibilities for Great Britain, but heroic measures, as some may think, for Europe. Yes, perhaps. But Europe, say the French, is faced by a desperate danger—the wiping out of their whole civilisation if war should come.

And what is the disarmament counterpart to this proposal? It is no less bold and drastic. For France by far the most important part concerns the army. They suggest that in

Europe—Colonial armies, of course, are different—the present long-term professional forces should be wholly done away with. Instead there should be citizen armies, short-service militias like the Swiss. In this proposal they are applying to man-power the qualitative principle for which Sir John Simon secured approval during the Conference long ago. They are seeking consent to strengthen defence against attack; they want to abolish the highly trained army which can be thrown into attack or into political adventure at a moment's notice. They want to have instead amateur citizen forces, which would take a long time to mobilise, which could not carry out large-scale offensives, which would refuse to embark on political adventures to please a military caste; they are talking of a relatively short period of service—six months—and no very long period of training afterwards.

International Weapon Dumps

With regard to weapons, the same qualitative principle is to be applied. The aggressive weapons, the weapons which help attack against defence, are in principle to be abolished for every nation, as they were abolished for Germany at Versailles. In applying this principle certain safeguards are introduced. The machinery of chemical warfare and bombing aircraft will be absolutely forbidden to national forces; big mobile guns and tanks—weapons capable, as M. Boncour said, of destroying defensive fortifications—will be allowed only to the small contingents kept at the disposal of the League. These contingents will be very small—one, or at most two, divisions in the case of France. The rest of the offensive weapons will either be destroyed—and, of course, much of the present-day stocks will be destroyed—or kept in international dumps under the control and at the disposal of the League.

A fantastic idea, I hear people say—these international dumps. I used to think so, until I heard a friend of the Belgian delegation talk about it the other day. He had been a Belgian gunner in the War, and he had used Belgian guns and French guns, and British guns, and German guns, and he was very certain that this new scheme of international dumps, Utopian though it seems, could be made to work, that it could be made to bring real disarmament of national forces, real equality for Germany, and real security for peace. On the air, vitally important though they think it, the French Plan, as I understand it, brings nothing new. It is simply their interpretation of the Conference Resolution of last July—abolition of all bombing aircraft, restricted production of all fighting planes, international control of civil aircraft, which may constitute so great a military menace if wrongly used: a bold but not a new plan for meeting the greatest of the war dangers to-day. We have been told nothing as yet of what the plan proposes in

(Continued on page 743)



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

The Modern Prometheus

MR. H. G. WELLS made a characteristic contribution to the concluding programme of the B.B.C. Tenth Birthday celebrations last week, when he suggested that the world needed today Professors of Foresight who would make 'a whole-time job of estimating the future consequences of new inventions and new devices'. He reminds us that while the world is full of students making research into the past, it is left to amateurs, to a few literary men and an occasional scientist, statesman or technical expert to look into the future, not merely in order to prophesy in the dark, but rather to deduce the inevitable march of events arising out of already existing facts. To apply the lesson to wireless, for instance—the germ of the present mighty development of broadcasting was already in existence ten years ago, yet how few there were capable of drawing the necessary deductions from the arrival of the new invention, and how few there are even today who can exactly and constructively anticipate the line of its development during the next decade! But if the number of national 'Professors of Foresight' is small in the case of straightforward inventions such as broadcasting, how much greater is the lack in the case of other technical devices and new social phenomena whose future consequences ought now to be being mapped out.

The world is almost as unprepared for the popularisation of flying as it was a generation ago for the popularisation of motoring. The dangers are as uncharted, the limitations as undetermined, and the advantages are almost as much in danger of being wasted. It is but too true, as Mr. Wells remarks, that 'it is only after something has hit us hard that we set about dealing with it'. There are, to be sure, prophets who without pretending to be experts warn us by the light of intuition that disasters may lie ahead of us—disasters which, as Mr. Baldwin insisted in his recent remarkable speech on aerial warfare, may destroy civilisation if they are allowed to occur. But who has the time, the training and the energy to sit down and work out a scientific calculation of the conditions governing the evolution of flying during the next twenty years? It is hardly to be expected that in an age so harassing as the present, when most of us are deeply immersed in the struggle for existence, there should be spare time and capacity available for this pioneer research work. Statesmanship under modern conditions has become increasingly a matter of intelligent opportunism. On all sides there are such threatenings of change and decay that it hardly seems worth while to look far ahead. Yet the faculty of foresight which Mr. Wells stresses is biologically one of the most important elements making for human survival and progress.

Man has fairly effectively mastered the art of memory, which animals do not possess. He has by no means begun to master the more difficult art of prognosticating what is to be. For the most part he is content with occasional flights of imagination in which some picture of the future is formed obviously according to the mood of the present day, either of optimism or pessimism. Generally he pictures the future as something a stage nearer to a vague kind of Utopia. If he is old and disillusioned, he pictures it as resembling the later years of the Western Roman Empire. If he is youthful, or a man of action, he pictures some millenary point on which the disturbing or creative forces of his own time in which he happens to be interested will focus themselves.

Mr. Wells is not satisfied with any of these subjective picturings of the future. He demands in effect that the methods of science should be applied to make more exact our knowledge of the problems which we shall have to face tomorrow. The work can be done, and is being done in certain important fields. We have town-planners who have forecast intelligently what is to happen if our cities continue to grow in the unrestricted fashion of the past, and have laid before us plans for coping with these anticipated evils before they arrive. Again, with regard to public health, we have as a community to some extent formed the habit of thinking ahead of our time and planning accordingly. In the field of education, on the other hand, we are singularly backward in foresight. Achievement has never caught up with existing needs, so that there has been practically no endeavour to look far forward into the future. In industry, too, Professors of Foresight are far to seek, as we know only too well. It is in the matter of communications, however, and the abolition of distance that Mr. Wells has sounded his call most vigorously. This is because the perfection of communications is the most dangerous of all inventions of modern science and finds us most unprepared for its assimilation. It is at the same time capable of the greatest good and of the greatest evil, of world peace or world war, the brotherhood of man or universal destruction. The power of sentiment in these matters is strong and its influence generally well intentioned, but the time has gone past for the world to rely upon muddling along upon a basis of assumed good will. Mr. Wells's call for more organised knowledge, for more scientific preparation, for the use of the powers that are in our hands, should be heard seriously and attended to in good time.

Week by Week

LORD CECIL, in his Sydney Ball Lecture at Oxford last week, called attention to a political problem which has been steadily growing more urgent in recent years and which has been shelved on those occasions when it has obtruded itself on public notice—that is, the heavy strain which government now entails upon the health and personnel of our statesmen. Of the last ten or eleven Prime Ministers, apart from Mr. Gladstone, hardly one has avoided periods of breakdown, several have died prematurely, while others have suffered from various illnesses due to exhaustion. Lord Cecil speaks even of what a friend of his has termed 'Prime Minister's disease', which signifies the failure of the faculty of decision, even when physical health is not actually impaired. The multiplication of duties which the complexity of modern government lays upon a Prime Minister and the leading members of his Cabinet are so great that little leisure or strength is left for thinking and planning—which, after all, are what the community has a right to expect from its leaders. Today, those who have the responsibility of framing the lines of the nation's policy as a whole are prevented by the duties of party leadership, and by the strain of continual attendance in Parliament, and at social and public functions, from keeping their minds fresh and their physique healthy. Inevitably, then, the national well-being must suffer from that absence of outstanding and inspiring leadership of which it is only too

common to hear complaints today. There is, therefore, an urgent need for the cutting down of the less important duties of our leading Cabinet Ministers—including the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and their devolution to substitutes. Thus to set free the minds of our statesmen to specialise on policy-making seems a wiser course than the inevitable alternative, which is sooner or later an imitation of the methods of dictatorship to which other nations faced with the same problem have been driven to resort.

* * *

Last week the announcement that the chief bodies concerned with opera in this country—the B.B.C., the Covent Garden Syndicate, the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, together with Sir Thomas Beecham's Imperial League of Opera—have reached an agreement to 'further the best interests of opera in this country'. The concrete proposals to realise this laudable ambition may be summarised briefly. First, there will be formed a new National Opera Council, of 250 people, including the most distinguished of our musical amateurs. Second, the board of the Covent Garden Syndicate has been enlarged to include representatives of the other parties to the agreement. Third, the board will receive all funds raised by the Council, the League, and by the B.B.C. which, now that the Government opera subsidy has been withdrawn, will supply from its own funds such sums as it considers justifiable up to a total amount equivalent to the subsidy. It is also hoped that, in due course, arrangements will be made to include the Carl Rosa Company in the scheme. The first question the news provokes, of course, is how it will affect the amount and the standard of operas performed in this country: but as arrangements consequent on the agreement have not been made public, we can only conjecture what sort of results it is likely to produce. It is in effect a rationalisation of opera, designed to raise the standard of the output, and regulate the supply. The total amount of opera available is likely to be much the same—the Covent Garden Company, the Old Vic, and Sadler's Wells (and possibly the Carl Rosa Company) will probably carry out their programmes and tours much as before, though we hope the Covent Garden summer season will not, in 1933, be confined to one month and to Wagner. But behind these different activities there will be a controlling force—represented by the Council and the Syndicate's enlarged board—which should make certain that every region of the country gets its chance of hearing opera some time during the year, and that the overlapping between different companies, which has sometimes happened in the past, is prevented. More important still, presumably the Council will set itself to ensure that the performance of singers and orchestra in the companies should be maintained at a high level, and that there should no longer be that discrepancy between the best all-star Covent Garden summer season performances and some of those given in the provinces. And in this connection the assistance of Sir Thomas Beecham in the artistic direction is to be welcomed.

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One of the features of the B.B.C. Birthday Week was the number of congratulatory messages received from representatives of broadcasting organisations all over the world. Listeners were able actually to hear the good wishes of the South German Broadcasting Company on November 14, when they were transmitted from Mühlacker. 'We offer the most cordial wishes of our station to you as the oldest and largest broadcasting station of Europe and therefore the mother of European broadcasting', ran the message. 'The British Broadcasting Corporation has done very much to further the interests of all broadcasting. . . . We hope that the B.B.C. will enjoy further successful and prosperous development'. Generalkonsul Dr. Wanner, of Stuttgart, expressed the hope that the continued success of the B.B.C. might not only benefit Great Britain, but make for closer understanding between his country and our own; and from M. Maurice Rambert, Administrateur Délégué, of the Société Suisse de Radiodiffusion et Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion, came congratulations to 'the B.B.C., pioneer and model of broadcasting, a monument enduring longer than bronze'. From the Finnish Broadcasting Company; the broadcasting authorities in Holland; M. Raymond Brailard, President of the Technical Committee of the International Broadcasting Union; the National Broadcasting Company of America; the Norwegian Broadcasting Company; the Austrian Broadcasting Company; the Broadcasting Company of Czechoslovakia; and many other sources, came similar expressions of

goodwill. Mr. William Paley, writing as President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to the Director-General of the B.B.C., summed up the sentiments of all the messages received when he said, 'The rapid and intelligent advance of Great Britain's radio in all its branches stands as fitting testimony to your directorial ability, and we sincerely hope that you may long continue to distinguish both the British broadcasting and yourself in the progress of radio'.

* * *

Those readers of THE LISTENER who have patiently followed the discussions on sculpture which have appeared in our columns in the last two years, and which have varied from exuberant laudation of the ultra-modern to a meticulous appreciation of battered fragments of the Parthenon, will appreciate to the full a notable exhibition now being held in London. Mr. Sydney Burney has collected in his rooms at 13 St. James' Street a most representative group of works in stone, wood, metal, ivory and terracotta which are arranged to be studied simply as sculpture, irrespective of the place of their origin or the time of their making. The absence of emphasis on 'Great Periods' thus makes it possible to study sculpture as a process. The exhibition shows some of the best work of China, Africa, Mexico, Peru, India, Siam, New Zealand, Easter Island, Greenland, Greece, Modern England, Renaissance Italy and France. In fact, the whole world is well covered. But it must be admitted that the common elements of sculpture are not easy to find. Some of the exhibits must rank as ornaments rather than sculpture; others on the other hand, though quite small in size, are clearly more sculptural than quite large works. A small stone animal, of early Chinese date, which appears to be a hippopotamus and yet has the tail of a buffalo, is one of the most essentially sculptural works in the collection. Its colour and shape harmonise to perfection. Two African works, a wooden head and a bronze mask (Nos. 18 and 84), show the most brilliant execution of which African artists were capable. Among the moderns the work of Leon Underwood, of Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore show modern tendencies to perfection, but fail to bring out any underlying unity either with the Chinese or the mediæval. It is really in the strange little figures like that of a bear, done in China in the first century, or that of a llama in black stone, made in Peru, that one can detect the permanent monumental aims of the true sculptor. To detect the great in the small is not easy, but those artists who inevitably convey the feeling of mass and strength even in a work a few inches in height are surely those who have the final claim to be true sculptors.

* * *

That the best way to develop wireless discussion groups is to work through existing social and educational organisations, is the main conclusion of the Yorkshire Area Council for Adult Education, in its report on the experiment which it has been conducting in the area during the past two years with the aid of the Carnegie U.K. Trustees. From the autumn of 1930 to the summer of 1932 the Council promoted the formation of no fewer than 422 such discussion groups, chiefly in the industrial districts of Yorkshire. Much of the work of organisation was done by the B.B.C. Education Officer for the area, with valuable assistance given in many cases by the Yorkshire W.E.A., Adult School Union, Y.M.C.A., and other such bodies. But it is noted that 'an interesting change has been taking place during the period of the experiment. Group listening is a practice becoming known to more and more people, and a larger proportion of groups now springs from inquiries made by people who wish to commence spontaneously'. A feature of the progress of the experiment was the increase in the number of groups organised under the auspices of local education authorities, and of churches: while groups were also established in connection with technical institutes, libraries, guilds, clubs, prisons, settlements, schools of art, social service centres, blind institutes, and even museums. Evidence was received that in many cases the wireless groups led to the subsequent formation of regular adult classes; groups were also found useful as an activity supplementary to other studies. But, the report states, 'it is by no means agreed by educationists that group listeners should necessarily proceed to classes. . . . A prominent official of a County Education Authority emphatically stated that the test of the value of group listening lay not so much in the number of people joining classes, as in the general raising of the standard of interest in cultural questions and public affairs'.

In Remembrance of Spinoza

By Professor A. WOLF

TO-MORROW the learned world will be celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Spinoza. Not many philosophers receive such a tribute. It was not to be expected that a thinker who studied human beings and their innermost experiences as if he were dealing with triangles and circles, and whose principal book looks so much like Euclid's *Elements of Geometry*, should inspire any kind of enthusiasm. Yet that is just what Spinoza has done. During his lifetime his personality won him a number of warm friends and disciples; but even long after his death many poets and thinkers, hardened statesmen and politicians, have felt, and still feel, attracted by the humanity which pulsates under the stiff geometrical armour by which it is restrained. Many philosophers may have had for a time a larger following than Spinoza ever had or is likely to have; but very few philosophers, if any, have stimulated real thought to a greater extent than he has done. Spinoza was a great character as well as a great thinker. His life and his thought blended harmoniously. Such twin greatness is too rare and too precious to be allowed to pass into oblivion.

The Life of Spinoza

Benedict Spinoza was born in Amsterdam on November 24, 1632. His father and his grandfather were Spanish crypto Jews who had migrated to Holland in 1593. They were merchants of standing, and several times held the office of Warden in the Synagogue in Amsterdam. As a boy he attended the Jewish School, where he acquired an extensive knowledge of Hebrew literature. Among his teachers was Manasseh ben Israel who, in 1655, pleaded with Cromwell for the readmission of the Jews. Spinoza also studied Dutch, French, Greek, Latin, physics and mathematics after school hours. In due course he was initiated into the 'new philosophy' of Descartes. A critical attitude towards the Bible brought him into conflict with the Synagogue authorities, and he was excommunicated in 1656, but he had some friends among the Quaker-like sect known as the Collegiants, and he maintained himself partly by private teaching, and partly by making lenses. His skill in making small lenses was such that Christian Huygens, the discoverer of the undulatory theory of light, described them as the most wonderful he had ever seen.

In 1663 Spinoza, while at Rhynsburg, published a geometrical version of Descartes' *Principles of Philosophy*. Later he moved to Voorburg, near The Hague, where he remained till 1670, and came into contact with a number of the leading figures in Dutch politics. It was here also that he began his principal work, the *Ethica*, but he put it aside in 1665, and set to work on his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. Holland was in the throes of a struggle between the Republicans and the Monarchists. The Monarchists were supported by the Calvinist clergy who claimed such powers as would have ended the religious toleration for which their country was then distinguished. Spinoza was 'a good Republican', and determined to refute the Calvinist pretensions to Biblical support for their claims to control the State in the interests of the Church. The *Treatise* was published anonym-

ously in 1670, and proclaimed on its title-page that its object was 'to show that not only is perfect philosophical liberty compatible with piety and with the peace of the State, but that to take away such liberty is to destroy public peace and even piety itself'. The *Treatise* is one of the classics in the cause of toleration, and the pioneer of the higher criticism of the Bible. When the Monarchist party came into power, after the murder of the De Witts, the *Treatise* was prohibited, and its author was watched so closely that he could not publish anything more for the rest of his life.

From 1670 till the end of his days, in 1677, Spinoza lived in The Hague. The year 1673 was marked by two important invitations which reached him. The first was from the Elector Palatine, who offered him a Professorship of Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg. Spinoza declined the honour, knowing that it could only end in conflict with the theologians.

The other invitation came from Prince Condé, who was encamped with the French army of invasion at Utrecht. On the advice of some Dutch statesmen Spinoza went to Utrecht, in the hope of promoting peace. But the journey was in vain. His last years were devoted to the *Ethica* and the *Political Treatise*.

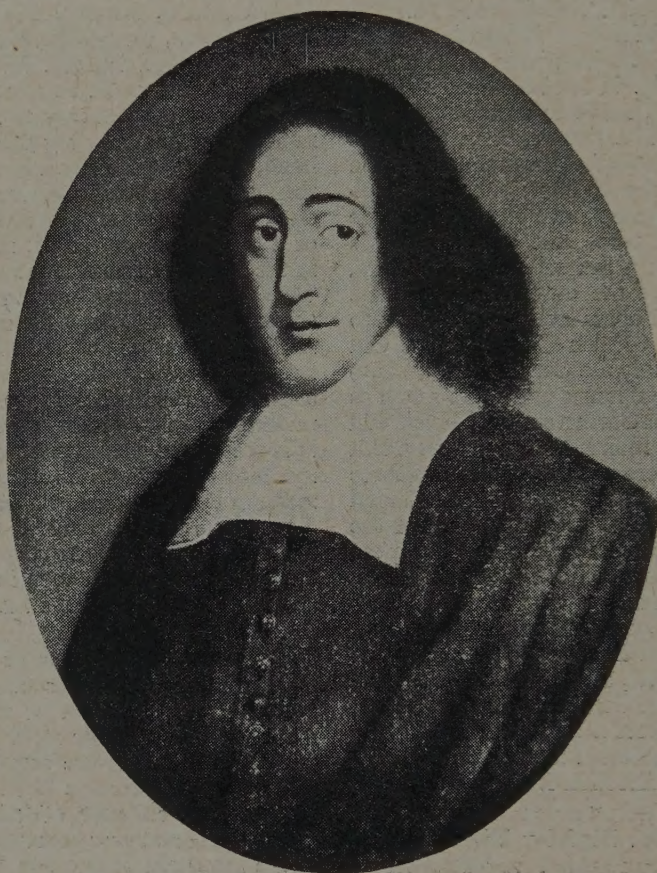
Early in 1677 he realised that the end was near. He had inherited the tendency to consumption from his mother, who had died of it when he was only six years old. The fine glass dust which he inhaled during his work when grinding lenses naturally made matters worse; so did his sedentary indoor occupation as a voracious reader and painstaking writer. The increasing frequency of sleepless, feverish nights led him to expect an early death. Accordingly, he took measures to secure the posthumous and anonymous publication of his life's work. He entrusted the manuscripts of his unpublished writings to his landlord, with instructions to transmit them to a certain friend and publisher in Amsterdam. On February 21 he passed away peacefully in the presence of

a medical friend. He was barely forty-four when he died; but he had achieved immortality.

A Many-Sided Philosophy

The philosophy of Spinoza is a many-sided philosophy, and may be approached in various ways. Its most familiar feature is its pantheism, and for the general reader this is also its most interesting character. I propose accordingly to approach it from this side. Pantheism means the theory that 'God is all, and all is God'. There are many varieties of pantheism which cannot be considered here in any detail. But pantheism is more than a merely intellectual theory; it is also an emotional attitude. Moreover, it is very old, both as a theory and as an attitude, though Spinoza gave to it its most philosophical exposition. The most familiar expression of the pantheistic sentiment is to be found in the First Epistle of John (iv. 13); 'Hereby know we that we abide in him and he in us, because he hath given us of his spirit.' Spinoza was fond of citing this verse, and used it as the motto of his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*.

Pantheism is very old and very persistent. We meet with it in



Spinoza
From 'The Legacy of Israel' (Clarendon Press)

the thought of ancient India and Egypt. An inscription on the temple of Isis proclaimed: 'I am all that hath been, is, or shall be; and no mortal has lifted my veil'. Some of the Greek philosophers of the sixth century B.C. were pantheists. The later Stoics were notably so, and Cleanthes' 'Hymn to Zeus' is one of the gems of pantheistic poetry. Neo-Platonic pantheism is to be met with throughout the Middle Ages, and among representatives of all the historic religions. The period of the Renaissance witnessed a new feeling for Nature, and with it a pantheistic enthusiasm, to which Giordano Bruno fell a martyr. The seventeenth century produced Spinoza, the arch-pantheist. Since his time there has been no serious break in the flow of pantheistic thought and sentiment in the ranks of simple religious folk as well as among eminent philosophers, poets and theologians; and the stream is still flowing strong.

The pantheistic world-view is partly an emotional response of the type usually described as a feeling for Nature. This applies in the case of Spinoza as well as in the case of Goethe and Wordsworth and other Nature poets. Spinoza is so eminent as a rationalist, indeed as the prince of rationalists, that the emotional side of his character is apt to be overlooked. The attribution to him of a feeling for Nature, and the association of it with his 'mathematical' pantheism may appear to be far-fetched. But there is sufficient evidence for my contention. It is known that he spent many years in rural spots like Ouderkerk, Rhynsburg and Voorburg; and we have the assurance of his oldest biographer that Spinoza always showed a preference for the countryside.

Moreover, poets like Goethe and Schiller, Coleridge and Wordsworth easily sensed the emotional current that flows through the seemingly cold lines of his arguments, and drew some of their inspiration from him. This is particularly true of Goethe, who may be described as the classic poet of pantheism, just as Spinoza is its classic philosopher. Even those who are mainly interested in its philosophical side will do well to try and sense something of its inward emotional side with the help of the great poets.

Emotion and Logic of Pantheism

The feeling for Nature, or the cosmic emotion, may not be universal among mankind, nor particularly strong or constant among those who do feel it. But it is probably more common than is supposed. Certainly a great many people when they are alone face to face with Nature under conditions of serene beauty, or of unusual grandeur, are mastered by a feeling of being absorbed in their vision, or of expanding into it, by a momentary oblivion of their individual limitations. But we do not speak of these things. It needs the gift of great poetry to articulate these rare experiences in a manner that shall not provoke the derision of the irreverent. And great poets are few. Spinoza was a philosopher, not a poet. As a philosopher his main business was to give a reasoned justification of the pantheistic theory—to argue its plausibility, not to sing its praises. But this should not blind anyone to the emotional side of his pantheistic attitude, or make them forget that his philosophic intuition was not without its beatific vision.

It is time now to consider briefly the logic of Spinoza's pantheism. The reasoning by which Spinoza arrived at his view of the universe was essentially the same in kind as that by which the sciences have been built up. The seventeenth century was the golden age of modern science. Spinoza was in intimate contact with the scientific work of his time, as is obvious from his correspondence. As far as his limited time and means would allow, he carried out various physical and chemical experiments. If his scientific results were meagre, he was second to none in his grasp of the spirit and methods of science. Now, scientific knowledge, as he repeatedly insists, differs from pre-scientific knowledge by seeing things and events in their mutual interconnections according to universal laws, instead of seeing them as detached and subject to mere chance or caprice. In so far as science succeeds, the world is increasingly realised to be a vast system of interconnected facts and events which behave in accordance with uniform laws. Science, however, has its strict rules of procedure. It usually insists on empirical verification, and is opposed to speculations or theories not actually demanded by observable facts. Science owes this caution chiefly to the great Newton, whose scientific work is a model of speculative restraint as well as of the insight of genius. Life, however, is

more than science; and the thinker who wants to take his bearings in the world is bound to venture as a speculative philosopher beyond the confines of science. Newton himself did so, though his philosophy was not worthy of his science. Now, in the first place, it was by following the trend of scientific thought to its utmost limits that Spinoza arrived at the conception of one interconnected system—a real universe. Spinoza's universe, however, was more comprehensive and more systematic than anything suggested by the best scientific thought of his day. For he included in it not only all the facts of consciousness (or mind), as well as all material phenomena, but even God. And the way in which he conceived of the universe as the all-comprehensive God-Nature makes his system of thought certainly one of the profoundest, perhaps the profoundest, of all the philosophies ever conceived by man.

The One Absolutely Infinite God-Nature

Physical phenomena, Spinoza insisted, are always dependent on other physical phenomena; and in the last resort all finite physical objects and events can only be accounted for by the existence of an infinite (*i.e.*, complete) physical energy, which he called 'extension'. Similarly, mental events or experiences can only be explained by reference to other mental events; and in the last resort all finite psychical phenomena presuppose the reality of an infinite mind-energy, which he called 'thought'. Moreover, there may be an infinite number of other kinds of realities than the physical or the mental, each kind dependent upon a corresponding infinite energy. It should be noted that Spinoza declined to reduce mind to matter, or matter to mind. He insisted on the reality of each of these, and even on the infinity of other kinds of ultimate reals. These ultimate reals he called 'attributes', and conceived them all as together constituting the absolutely infinite Universe, Nature, or God. Whereas each kind of ultimate reality (extension, thought, etc.) is infinite of its kind only (*i.e.*, is all-inclusive of physical phenomena only, or of mental events only, etc.). Nature, or God, or the Universe is *absolutely* infinite, or absolutely all-inclusive—'all-embracing and all-sustaining'. All the infinite attributes are powers or aspects of the one absolutely infinite God, or Nature. As activities or energies they express themselves each in an endless variety of modes or modifications, some infinite, some finite. But in the last resort all finite realities of all kinds are concurrent manifestations of the co-existing attributes of the one Nature, or God, and they behave not capriciously, but in accordance with the laws or orderliness characteristic of Him. But, it may be asked, what justification is there for assuming the reality of such an absolutely infinite God or Nature? Spinoza's chief argument is this: All the realities which are known to us directly through ordinary experience are obviously dependent, or conditional, realities, and have always to be accounted for by reference to other realities, which in their turn are also usually dependent realities. But such dependent realities cannot be adequately explained without reference to some self-existent reality which sustains them. Such a self-existent, independent, or absolute reality he calls 'substance'. By close reasoning, which cannot be reproduced here, Spinoza shows that there can be only one such 'substance'; and he identifies it with God, for God is usually conceived as the self-existing Being. But this was no mere matter of words. While declining to accept the common anthropomorphic conceptions of God, Spinoza was very serious with his own conception of Him—indeed so earnest that he has been described as 'the God-intoxicated philosopher'.

Such, in barest outline, are the basic ideas of Spinoza's pantheistic philosophy. It is a difficult philosophy, and has therefore frequently been misinterpreted. Even experts are not agreed about its correct interpretation. A great system of thought is like the world which it seeks to explain—the way in which it is conceived must needs vary with the character and the endowment of each individual. Spinoza realised this full well. It is, in fact, an integral part of his world-view that finite beings can grasp and express ultimate reality with but varying degrees of imperfection. That is why he was no propagandist, and was always most anxious that the religious faith of simple folk should not be disturbed. It was the same reason, also, that prompted him to urge that human beings should be studied in the same way in which one studies triangles or circles—that is, objectively and with understanding, not merely as objects of laughter or of tears.

*Our Debt to the Past—IX**The Jewish Contribution of Today*

By Professor NORMAN BENTWICH

Mr. Bentwich was formerly Attorney-General of Palestine, and is now Professor of International Relations in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem

THE Jew for two thousand five hundred years has refused to surrender to the world or to give up his individuality. Has he still a conscious, distinctive service to render? If I could ask each of you what is the special contribution of the Jewish people of modern times to our civilisation, many of you would probably say that they were leaders in commerce and finance, and particularly in international commerce and international finance. That is true; but not, I think, the whole nor the important truth. They have been by force of circumstance since the Dark Ages the middlemen of the world. They were compelled to take to commerce and finance because they were excluded from the soil and from the liberal vocations; and they became more internationalised than other peoples because they were dispersed over all countries and had no home of their own. But they have been, and are, the carriers of thought between the peoples, as well as the carriers and the brokers of material goods. In this aspect they are the successors of the other Semitic people, the Phoenicians, who first traded over the Mediterranean and to Britain and who carried with them the alphabet. They brought culture, the knowledge of ancient philosophy and ancient science in the Middle Ages from the East to the West; and to-day they take the lead in the interpretation of the thought, literature and art of different countries, and produce a remarkable number of writers, artists and musicians. Somebody said of them that they are born educated; and they have a stored up experience greater than other people, which influences the minds of every generation among them. They have preserved, too, their ideals through all their suffering and dispersion. Heine, the German poet, who knew the life of the ghetto, tells in one of his lyrics of the bent Jewish peddler who takes off his pack on the Sabbath Eve and becomes a prince in his home. He becomes, too, a priest; for it is a special characteristic of their religion that the religious ceremonial is part of the family life in the home.

Eminent Jews

Disraeli, who was another Jew by race, never tired of enlarging on the greatness of the Jewish people. They stood, as he said, for the spiritual principle in life. He ascribed their intelligence to their purity of race and thought; they had kept themselves a pure stock by refusing to intermarry with other peoples. It is remarkable that in that first generation after their civil emancipation in Western Europe they produced, in England, Disraeli and the astronomer Herschel; in Germany, Heine, Mendelssohn the musical composer, and Lassalle the socialist; in France, the actress Rachel and the composer Meyerbeer. In our own day they have given to Europe several of her leading thinkers; Einstein in Germany, Freud in Vienna, Bergson in France, and Professor Alexander in England. Of the one hundred and fifty winners of the Nobel Prize between 1901 and 1930 there were fourteen Jews pre-eminent in science, literature and the furtherance of peace. It may seem strange that the Jews should produce philosophers, scientists, artists and statesmen; for they were not distinguished in these ways in Bible times or in the early centuries of our era. They were then essentially moral teachers; and it was the Greeks and Romans who then excelled in philosophy, the arts and administration. Their circumstances and their experience have brought about that change. Mr. Loewe suggested that these famous men had ceased to be Jews, and that their contribution was due to influences other than Jewish. I should say that it was not a pure or absolute Jewish contribution, and was influenced by their environment. Yet their origin and their race and their tradition did affect and mould their genius. But the Jews are eminent to-day also in two large causes which are more clearly a heritage of their contribution from the past. In the first place, they stand out for social justice, for a better order of society in every country. In the second place, they stand for a better international order and for understanding and peace between the nations. I do not mean, of course, that they have a monopoly of these movements, but they take a very remarkable part in them, and I suggest to you that that comes from the influence on them of their religion and their history. Others have adopted the Hebrew outlook; Jews are still its champions. Jews not only long for the Golden Age like other peoples, but they consciously and passionately try to bring it about. They are not satisfied with society as it is, and work to hasten the millennium. They are like yeast in the dough.

Advocates of Social Justice

Judaism has always been a religion of this world. It lays stress on conduct rather than belief; on works more than on

faith. Social justice has been its special ideal from the Bible times. Henry George pointed out that Moses was the first teacher of socialism by his institution of the Sabbath, the Sabbatical year, and the Jubilee; and the Hebrew Prophets continually harped on social justice, to break the bonds of oppression. The Jews who during the last fifty years have returned to Palestine are trying to realise a better social order in their urban and their village settlements which may be an example. The fact that Jews have been oppressed, and are still oppressed in many a country, has no doubt stimulated their feeling for social justice. Persecution made them think as well as suffer. It is not an accident that many of the leaders of social revolution have sprung from their midst, such as Karl Marx and Lassalle in the last century, or Trotsky and Eisner in our own day, or that in different countries they take a big part in the socialist movement. The Jewish leaders of socialism often cease to be religious or professing Jews; their desire is to get beyond a particular religion to the human and universal ideal; but none the less the root of their thought is to be found in the Bible. In the Biblical phrase, they know not the rock from which they are hewn.

You may object that the Jews are prominent also as capitalists, and are often supposed, though wrongly, to be a rich people. Some among them do become leaders of industry and trade, but it is one of the peculiar characteristics of the 'peculiar people' that they combine the contraries; they are most idealistic and most practical; the most dispersed and the most concentrated of peoples; socialists and capitalists; tenacious of tradition and visionary; and, of course, many Jews, like many non-Jews, do not live up to the ideals of their religion and simply pursue worldly success.

An Enthusiasm for Peace

As with social justice, so too with regard to international understanding; circumstances and their heritage from the past together have combined to make the Jews in modern times citizens of the world, just as in the Middle Ages they were said to be the first Europeans. The fact that they have not been rooted in any country as deeply as the other inhabitants is often made a reproach. They are called 'wandering Jews'; and their loyalty is called into question by their enemies. But, on the other hand, their dispersion makes them more free than other sections of the people from national and racial prejudice, and enables them to look at questions between nations with more objectivity. It is, too, their Bible—the Old Testament—which inspired the vision of universal peace when 'nation shall no longer lift up the sword against nation and they shall not learn war any more'. The conviction of the oneness of humanity, of the nations being members of one human family, is in our day strong and vivid with the Jews. I do not mean again that they alone have the international outlook; and as a community they are not as united for peace as the Quakers. But individuals among them, who represent their special genius, have a strong and intense conception of the unity of mankind, and give to that conception a practical concrete application. It was a Russian Jew who wrote a book on the future of war which was one of the motives leading the Czar in 1899 to summon the first Hague Peace Conference; and a Jew of our time in America conceived the idea of the outlawry of war which is embodied in the so-called Kellogg Pact signed at Paris in 1928. From being pioneers of economic co-operation the Jews have realised that the economic linking up of the world must be accompanied by political co-operation, by an idea of humanity above nationality, if civilisation is to stand; and from the teachings of their prophets and their tradition of two thousand years they have inherited an enthusiasm for peace.

The Supreme Gift of the Jewish Race

You may object that the contribution of the Jews about social justice and international peace is simply the action of individual geniuses such as are produced by other peoples, and is not a corporate or national contribution, and certainly not connected with Judaea; and you may question whether there will be again an influence of Judaea. I must say a few words about that. Although scattered over the world, and citizens of many countries, many Jews have retained a Jewish national consciousness and are anxious to revive a national life in Palestine so that they may have again a home and a centre, and develop their ideas in their own country. They form the movement known as Zionism, with which the Declaration of the late Lord Balfour issued during the War is associated. That Declaration

states that Great Britain will facilitate the establishment of a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine. Another section of the Jewish people claims that the Jews are purely a religious body and should not try to form themselves again into a nation, but should carry on a religious or ethical mission by example in the countries in which they are dispersed. Mr. Loewe has put before you that idea and he stated that the gift which the Jews bring to the world has been and is not less effective in London than it was or ever can be in Jerusalem, until the coming of the Golden Age. That is a bold claim when one thinks of the teaching which came out of Palestine during the time that the Jews had their national home there. I cannot go here into that difference of opinion; but it is a question you may think over, whether the Jews are likely to resume their special genius save in their own home. That genius was spiritual; they were the source in Palestine and the neighbouring lands of two universal creeds besides their own Judaism—Christianity and Islam. Perhaps they may be able to do something of the kind again that may have a universal value for modern civilisation.

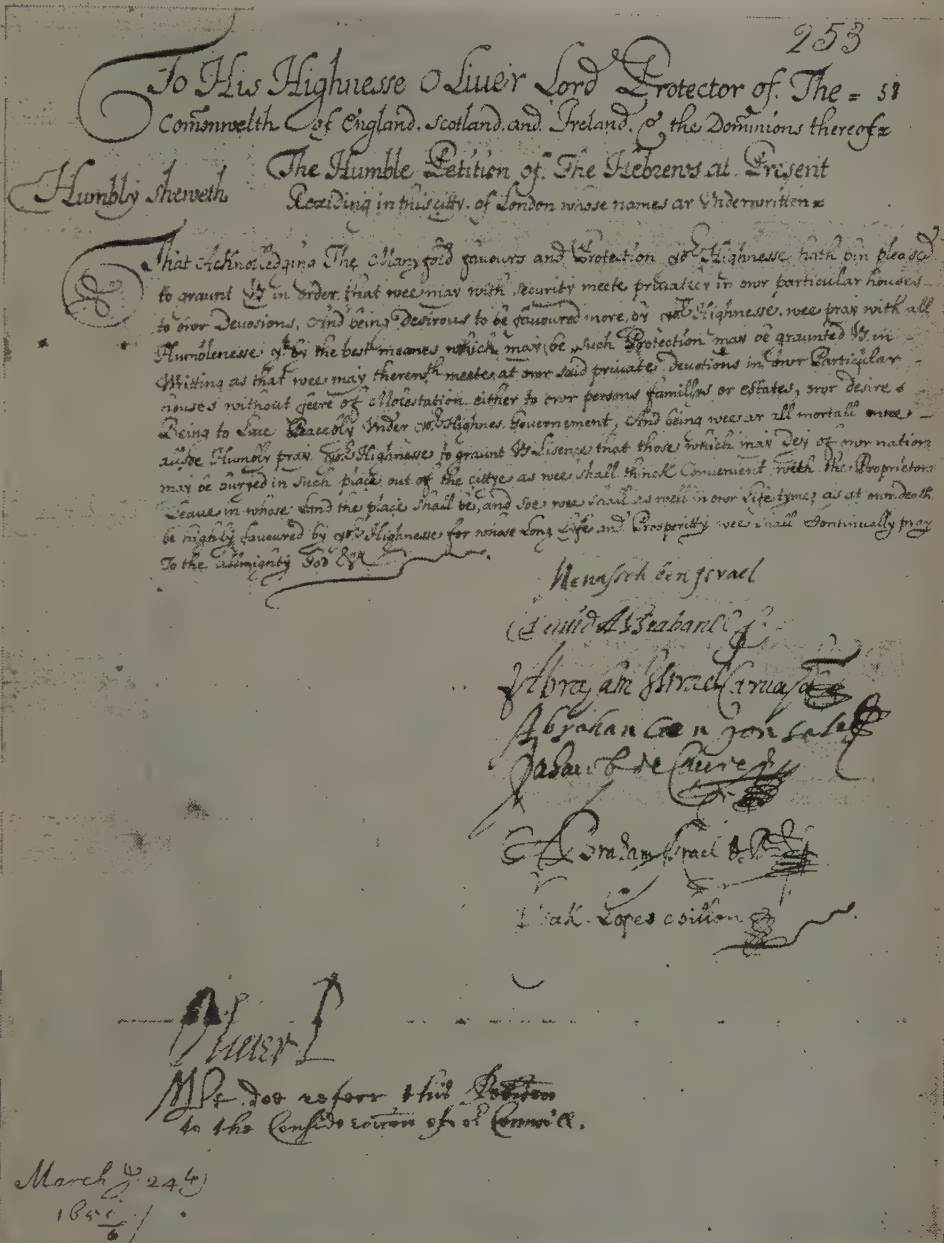
What was the essential character of the religious contribution of the Old Testament? Let me recall to you again that it was the overpowering sense of the unity of God, 'Judæa pregnant with the living God', as a poet said, which involved the unity of mankind, the reign of the moral law, and the philosophy of history that illustrates the working of that law in human affairs. It is that kind of doctrine presented in some new way to meet new ideas, of which our present troubled and distracted society stands in need, so as to bring unity into the baffling diversity of our knowledge and the chaos of our unethical political order. In the sphere of political relations we need to inspire the idea of nationality with the ethical or spiritual idea of humanity, and make nationality international, so that the nation may be as a modern Prophet—not a Jew—described it: the link between the individual man and God. The moral evil which threatens our civilisation is the idolatry of the State, which is as false to the principles of monotheism, and as demoralising, as the paganism of Greece and Rome. The influence of Judæa may help to destroy that idolatry, as two thousand years ago it helped to destroy the other idolatry. That is one aspect of the contribution which may be made by a new Judæa.

A New Message for Humanity?

Then, in the sphere of knowledge and culture we need a synthetic idea which will be understood by the mass and will harmonise the teachings of religion with the discoveries of science that during the last century and today have been unparalleled. Those discoveries, it has been said, are a continual hymn to God; but to the ordinary man the relation is not clear between the precepts of religion on the one side and the scientists' theories about the universe on the other. It may be the function of the Jews to bring about the reconciliation and to harmonise the two kinds of knowledge.

George Eliot, who over fifty years ago wrote a novel, *Daniel Deronda*, about the return of the Jews to Palestine, spoke of the new Judæa as a covenant of reconciliation between the East and the West. She may have been thinking in part of an influence for bringing the Eastern and Western peoples nearer together. For that service the Jews, who are Oriental in origin but have lived for centuries in the West and imbibed its culture and science, are peculiarly well fitted. She may have been thinking about the Jews as a force for reconciling the religious ideas about the universe which come from the Orient with the national scientific knowledge which has come from the West—our Greek heritage. Anyhow, I suggest that

the Jewish people may serve that function. Already their thinkers have shown a remarkable synthetic power of unifying knowledge. That is seen most signally in Einstein, and in a less degree in other physicists and philosophers springing from the Jewish community. And it does not seem extravagant to believe that, when the Jewish people have the opportunity of developing their genius and their thought in the country which inspired the religious ideas of the three faiths—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—they may produce teachers who will give humanity a new message, as the Prophets of Judæa did of old, and help the ordinary man on the one hand to understand the mystery of the universe, and on the other to establish justice in the affairs



The famous petition to Cromwell of Manasseh Ben Israel and other Jews in 1655, asking leave to be allowed freedom of meeting for worship in England. Oliver's signature is given at the foot; he referred the petition to a special committee for consideration.

By courtesy of the Public Record Office

of each nation and between all the nations. That is the modern development of the Messianic idea which the Jews have maintained for two thousand years and which, in Judæa or outside it, they may yet accomplish. That is, I suggest, the contribution which the Jews may make to the future, in the light and under the inspiration of their heritage from the past.

Methuen's have added to their 'Wayfarer Series' two new volumes (each 7s. 6d.) on the Riviera and on Denmark. The former, *A Wayfarer on the Riviera*, by E. I. Robson, deals with the country between Fog and Spezia, including the inland area as well as the coast, and gives an account of the history, industries and folklore of the Ligurians. The other volume, *Denmark and the Danes*, by Ethel Williams, may be of more immediate interest to British travellers, in view of the recent Copenhagen exhibition and other signs of rapprochement between Britain and Denmark. The author tells us that Denmark is an ideal country for a motoring holiday.

*How the Mind Works—VIII**Studying One's Own Mind*

By Professor CYRIL BURT

HITHERTO we have been studying the mind from the outside—looking at men's faces, examining their photographs, testing them with laboratory tests. But how can we be sure of the inner meaning of what we thus observe? This is clearly an important question. If a psychologist gives a man what is meant to be a test of reasoning, he ought to be quite sure that the man gets the right answer by means of reasoning, not by a lucky guess or because he had heard the problem before. Or, again, if he gives him a test of memory, he wants to be quite sure that the man does memorise the material and does not employ some secret clue. Hence it is a rule in the laboratory to follow up every experiment by asking the experimentee to tell you what went on in his mind.

The other day I called at the house of one of my listeners, and the mother brought forward her five-year-old daughter to see me—a vivacious little personage, with large pink sash and a small pink face and curls. 'May I give Georgina a test?' said the mother, 'and you shall see how well she can read'. The test was the first page from the child's own story book. Georgina started gaily: 'Once upon a time there were three bears . . .'; and, as she went on, I noticed a secret twinkle in her eye. I began to wonder what could be going on in that young lady's mind. So, when she reached the bottom of the page, by way of teasing her I held the book tight so that she couldn't turn over. 'Oh', she said, 'you can hold the book if you want to, because I can read the next page just as well without seeing it'; and she did. She had not been reading at all. She had been reciting—just keeping her eyes on the lines as a matter of form. Had her mother got inside that curly little skull, she would have discovered that what was happening was not the result of quick reading but of quick memory.

Self-Analysis and its Dangers

Have you ever thought how instructive it would be if now and then we could exchange souls with the same ease as we sometimes exchange umbrellas or hats? When you go to sleep, you hang up your consciousness, as it were, in the cloakroom. What a surprise you would have if the attendant next morning made a mistake over the tickets and gave your consciousness to your wife and handed out hers to you! This power of exchanging minds in fancy is a knack that every psychologist has to acquire.

Psychologist, know thyself: that is the best text for the first chapter in psychology. You begin by taking your own mind as a sample, and judging other people by yourself. Here then, instead of dissecting other people, we are going to vivisection ourselves. This new mode of observation—the observation of oneself—has a special name. It is called introspection, that is, looking inwards. It is a method peculiar to psychology. No other science employs it. When a chemist tries to melt his copper salts in a crucible, he never thinks of asking them how they like being warmed up, or what it feels like to be turned into a bright red metal. But in a psychological experiment you always ask your victim what were the ideas and feelings that the experiment stirred up.

Too much self-analysis may no doubt become morbid. You are apt to turn sickly with the pale cast of introspective thought. But, as the old Christian writers knew so well, a little candid self-examination is an aid and not a hindrance to the improvement of one's character; and certainly an effort at thrashing out one's private motives and thoughts is indispensable if you wish to understand the motives and the thoughts of other people.

Sensations that Come from Oneself

The most conspicuous contents of your mind you can pick out without any outside help. The sounds that you hear, the colours that you see, the feelings of touch and warmth that you get through your skin—these are all conscious sensations. Psychologists have carried out a large number of fascinating experiments upon sensations, and have made some most unexpected discoveries. For example, in addition to the five senses that we popularly speak of, they find that we all possess a sixth sense of position and movement: tiny sense organs have actually been discovered in the muscles and the joints: that is why you know where your legs and arms are when you wake up in the morning. Or, take the sense of vision. Experiments reveal that the human eye can distinguish about 35,000 different tints or hues: yet all these can be made by combining, in appropriate proportions, three primary colours—three, and three only. Here lies the secret of colour photography and the art of the coloured film. In some, one or more of these primary colours may be missing. John Dalton, the famous chemist, who discovered Dalton's atomic law, was one day walking to a degree ceremony, carrying his scarlet academic gown over his arm. As he crossed

the quad he dropped his gown on the grass. He found to his surprise that he could not see it. It turned out that Dalton was colour-blind, that is to say, quite unable to distinguish such different colours as green and red. Psychologists have since discovered that nearly one man in thirty is colour-blind, though in women colour-blindness is extremely rare; and in the laboratory tests of colour-blindness have been worked out which are now used by the Board of Trade. Every engine-driver and navigating officer has to pass these tests, because, clearly, it would be fatal if he were unable to distinguish red signals from green.

The ordinary man thinks of his sensations as part of the external object. When he sees a snowball and takes it in his hand, he thinks that the cold and the weight are inside the snowball and that the whiteness is on its surface. He does not say: 'I see a white sensation', or, 'I feel sensations of cold and of weight'. Of course, when the freezing cold upon his fingers begins to give him positive pain, he is rather tempted to regard the pain as a sensation: he thinks of the pain as existing, not within the snowball, but within himself. And experiments will show that, as a matter of fact, all our other sensations depend (just like pain) far more upon our sense organs and our brains than they do upon the objects to which we attribute them. I have described at the end of this talk a few simple experiments which will serve to bring out this point more clearly.

When we start dissecting our own consciousness, then, we find it consists, first and foremost, of a patchwork of sensations. Is there anything else? When you go to bed, the stimuli that were keeping your various senses wide awake are almost completely cut off. You switch off the light; you shut out the noise; you lie down on a soft and comfortable bed: no sights, no sounds, no smells, no tastes, and hardly any touches. Practically all your sensations are thus damped down. Does consciousness immediately cease? Not at all: during the next half-hour, before you fall asleep, the comedy within your mind will go on almost as actively as ever: you will catch yourself seeing things with your mental eye, hearing things with your mental ear. These echoes, these mental pictures, are rather like sensations, and yet far dimmer, more unreal. They are memories, rather than actual things, that seem to pass in front of you; and these resurrected ghosts of past sensations are known as 'mental images'.

How do You Remember Things?

Now psychologists have made a remarkable discovery. People differ enormously in the ease with which they can call up these different memories. Psychologists have invented tests for discovering these peculiarities, and they suggest that it may be possible to classify individuals into a number of different types. They can be classified according to individual differences in imagery, as follows:

1. Thing thinkers (concrete type):
 - (a) Visualisers, (b) audiles, (c) motiles.
2. Word thinkers (verbal type):
 - (a) Visualisers, (b) audiles, (c) motiles:
 - (i) articulatory, (ii) graphic.

Try to recall your last visit to the opera or the music hall. Do you see the scenery? If so, you are a 'visualiser'. Or do you rather hear the tunes? If so, you are an 'audile'. Or, finally, do you find yourself feeling the movements that you would make as you walked to your seat, or following the feats of the acrobats on the trapeze with imaginary movements within your own limbs? If so, you are a 'motile'.

Perhaps, however, you have no concrete imagery of this sort. Your memory consists simply of a silent description muttered in words without actual movements of your lips. If so, you belong to the 'verbal type'. Women and children are usually visualisers. Men, particularly men of bookish or scientific habits, tend more commonly to think in terms of words. But how do you call up the words? Think of such words as 'bubble', 'toddle', 'putty'. Now open your mouth and think of them again. With the mouth open, a good many people fail to notice the consonants. They find themselves saying: 'u'le', 'o'le', 'u'y'. They are probably motiles. Other people are not disturbed by deranging their movable organs of speech. They still hear the words as clear as before echoing in their mind's ear. One or two people, instead of saying the words with the lips, tend to feel themselves writing them with a pen or with chalk on a blackboard. They are said to belong rather to the graphic than to the articulatory type. Finally, quite a number tend rather to see the words than to hear or say them. A colleague of mine jots down the notes for his lectures on the back of a long envelope, and nearly always loses the slip; but he has only to look up at the ceiling, and he sees all his headings

arranged in order like the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.

Connecting Links in Associations

Now the singular thing about all these images is this: they get linked to one another in strings or chains, or they get coupled to certain sensations. When I hear Big Ben chime the hour on my wireless, I immediately picture the clock-tower at Westminster with its pinnacles soaring through the fog. Thus the image that gets linked on to a word or a sensation serves to give meaning to what we read or hear.

But the interesting thing is this. Psychologists have recently discovered that we can actually single out the links and focus our attention upon them. We not only connect our thoughts, we actually see how they are connected. Thus associations are sometimes mechanical and sometimes conscious. Conscious associations are usually called 'relations'. This power to perceive connections makes a good test of intelligence. Of all forms of relations, the easiest to perceive are space relations. We can use them to test a child of 8 or 9. Here is a simple problem. 'Harry is to the right of Willie; Willie is to the right of George; which boy is in the middle?' Think it over, and you will find that, in order to answer the question, you will have to concentrate, not on your mental pictures of the boys, but upon the relations between them. The whole of Euclid depends upon the fact that we can perceive space relations.

What is still more singular is that we can actually relate relations. Let me ask another question. In the case of those three boys, on which side of George was Harry sitting? You will argue: 'Harry was to the right of Willie; Willie was to the right of George; therefore', you will continue, 'Harry must be to the right of George'.

Now you have named another relation. You let fall that little word 'therefore'. Here is a relation that does not exist in space, and yet it is one of the most important for all intellectual thinking. It is a logical relation. Now the power of reasoning simply depends upon the process that I have just described—relating relations and eliciting what I have called the *logical connections* between them.

Here then are the chief and the more obvious contents of the mind—sensations, images, associations or relations. These make up the intellectual contents. But what about the emotional contents—the feelings, the strivings, the mental and moral forces? Here we enter on a new field where introspection begins to fail us. Here we turn from the conscious contents to the deeper influences that lie hidden in the unconscious regions of the mind. This, therefore, is the problem that will be dealt with in subsequent talks.

A Few Experiments

I conclude with a series of experiments that anyone can make for himself, which will serve to illustrate in a simple way the psychological nature of sensations and images.

1. Hold your hand for a moment in extremely hot water. Which do you feel first—the warmth or the pain? Do you feel that the warmth is in the water or in your hand? Do you feel that the pain is in the water or in your hand?

2. Hold the right hand in hot water and the left hand in cold water. After about a minute or so, put them both in a bowl of lukewarm water of skin temperature. Note that one hand declares that this water is warm and the other hand simultaneously declares that the same water is cold. Thus your

feelings depend far more upon the state of your sense organs than upon what you are actually feeling.

3. Hold up your finger in front of your nose and look at the distant door knob. How many



Diagram I

fingers do you see, and why?

4. Crook your second finger over your first as shown in the illustration (see Diagram I). Put a penny or the point of a pencil between the two so that both fingers feel it. Close your eyes. How many points do you feel?

5. Try to recollect your breakfast as you sat down to it this morning. What kind of imagery comes chiefly to your mind—a picture of the scene, the sounds that you heard, the smells, the tastes, or the touches? Or do you simply run over a catalogue of the items and the events in words?

6. Think of the numbers from 0 to 1,000 and upwards. Do

you picture them as arranged in some kind of geometrical scheme (see Diagram II)? Different people have different schemes; and I should be very grateful if those who are interested would send me a rough drawing of the schemes that they possess or use. Some people have similar schemes for the days of the week; they may see them arranged in rows like the notes on a piano.

7. Do you associate colours with certain sounds? Some people describe the blare of a trumpet as distinctly scarlet, and the notes of a flute as a delicate blue. Others say that the vowels have different colours. 'Ah' is red; 'ee' is green; and so on. One listener tells me that her boy describes the noises made by animals as being obviously of different colours. 'That dog', he says, 'has a yellow bark. Our dog has a grey bark'.

Once more it would be valuable to collect data on these curious associations; and I should be very glad if any readers would send me* a little table showing the colours which various sounds suggest.

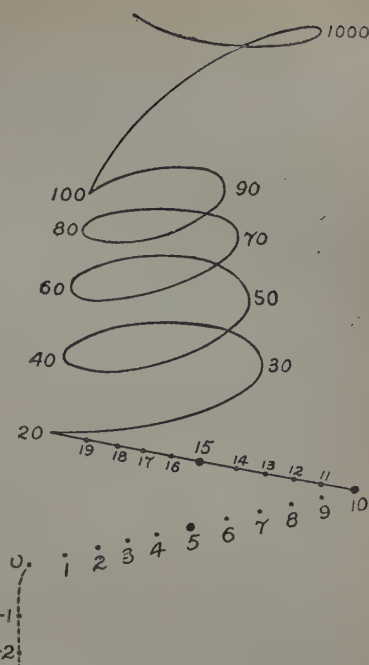


Diagram II

France's Disarmament Plan

(Continued from page 735)

regard to navies, but the French have made no secret that in their view equality with Germany on land must bring equality on sea as well, and that, if armies are drastically reduced, fleets must be reduced too.

That is the scheme in outline. Much depends upon the details, which have not yet been revealed. But look at its broad aspect. All-round arbitration, the effective outlawry of war, the ending of rival alliances and groups, the wiping out of the professional armies that have militarised the whole system of European society, equality of status for Germany, the weakening by every means of the power of sudden attack, the strengthening of the League in its task of preventing war, a balanced system of general agreement, with reasonable guarantees, for the drastic reduction and abolition or internationalisation of all the most destructive modern means of war. This at least is a programme which must command our study and respect.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher said the other day that it holds out the best hope for peace that the world has yet been given, and as I listened to M. Boncour explaining it I could not help wondering if Mr. Fisher were not right, and I could not help remembering the first speech M. Boncour ever made in Geneva, eight long years ago. He was pleading then, as he is pleading to-day, for an organised system of arbitration, security and disarmament. He ended his appeal by quoting the words engraved on the Cathedral bell of Basle, words which were on the lips of his compatriot Jaurès as he died, foully murdered because on the eve of war in 1914 he had dared to stand for peace—'I call the living to life, freed at last from the terrors of war. I mourn the dead, all the dead of every clime and country, united at last in the brotherhood of the tomb. I shatter the thunder-bolt, the powers which seek to let loose upon the world the horrors of war'. Eight long years ago! Is Paul Boncour now on the threshold of success? He believes he is.

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*Our Neighbours—VIII**The Rise of Industry in Germany*

By HARRISON BROWN

IN my previous talks I have tried to show that in Prussia especially, the ruling classes have more or less consciously sought to inculcate a definite attitude which may be roughly summed up in the belief that man exists for the State, not the State for man. We have seen that the impetus given to this notion derived largely from Frederick the Great of Prussia and has been maintained by the qualities which he and his father drilled into the Prussian people. Hegel gave the conception a philosophic form, which was later used by Karl Marx as a springboard for his materialist philosophy and his economic analysis of history. I suggested that the present German Government is consciously seeking to revive this cult of the State, at the same time identifying it as best it can with the Christian doctrine, and hoping thereby both to strengthen the sinews of capitalism and to destroy the internationalism of the Marxist doctrine. But there is a difference between the late Government's view of capitalism and that which has grown up with the German people. Herr von Papen desired a capitalism somewhat similar to that which we know here in England, a capitalism unshackled by the State but open to receive State aid upon occasion. To the mass of the Germans, however, free capitalism is anarchy; untidy and wasteful. Only for a very short period was there any free trade and free capitalism in Germany. Germany has been socialistically inclined from the beginning of the development of modern industry, and German capitalism has never been far removed from State socialism; railways, for instance, were largely State owned from the first.

Socialised Losses and Private Profits

The events of recent years, and particularly the appalling financial crisis of 1929 and 1930, have resulted in a quite abnormal situation in which the Government has come to obtain a controlling interest not only in the railways, but in the Steel Trust, in much of the shipping and in 60 per cent. of the nation's banking; in addition, the State has had to grant large subsidies to agriculture and many other industries over which it does not, in return, exercise any control. But even before the crisis the municipalities already controlled the greater part of what are known as public utilities, and thus millions of Germans have for some time been on the pay roll of the public authorities. The vast majority of tram and 'bus services, for instance, are run by the cities, over 80 per cent. of the gas works too and practically all the water-works in the country.

But alongside this development came those of the cartel and of the holding company. Independent companies have decreased, to what extent one figure will show: from 1925-1930 the number of stock companies in Germany diminished by over 2,000, or about 20 per cent. Despite State control and the municipalities, Germany is not a socialist State, but it is a State in which capitalism takes on a rather different guise from that with which we are acquainted. German capitalists do not rejoice in independence, they dislike the competition of 'free capitalism', and this is probably one cause of the phenomenal increase in cartels, the fundamental idea of which is agreement to sell their goods at prices designed to enable the weakest to make a living. There are thousands of these cartels, ranging from steel and coal to the flower-sellers. In prosperous times this kind of arrangement worked; but when things became difficult the cartels also began to clamour for State aid, and of course to receive it. But bad times have lasted so long that by now billions of marks have been granted to industry in one form or another, and in fact the whole economic structure of Germany may be said to be propped on a scaffolding of public subsidies. The present condition has not unfairly been called one of socialised losses and private profits, and it is impossible to know what will be the outcome of a tangle which has the vices of both systems and few of the virtues of either. Still more intriguing is it when we find that most other countries appear to be headed along the same road.

Survival of the Junkers

But before we examine the present struggle for power, let us go back and glance briefly at the background from which it arose. Exactly one hundred years ago the Customs Union of 1832 put an end to the worst of commercial difficulties caused by the furious tangle of small States. This was largely due to the writings of Frederick List, who advocated a national system of political economy, with temporary protective duties, to enable Germany to defend her growing industries against countries which had started earlier in the race—the same reason as that given by the British Dominions today. This Customs Union was the only landmark in the period between the Congress of Vienna in 1815 and the Frankfurt Parliament of 1848. The next period stretched from 1848 to 1870 and it too was political, but Frankfurt had one

indirect result of great importance which has lasted until the present moment. When Frederick William IV of Prussia refused to accept the Constitution, he established the predominance of the big landowners of the North. Since he would not rule with Parliament he had to rely for support for his autocracy on the Junkers. These Northern conservatives were also the backbone of the army; and the army, both then and later under Bismarck, was indispensable. Thus the influence of the Junkers in the Government became overwhelming; they were, in fact, both the army and the Government. Time after time they dictated measures inspired by self-interest, and for the same reason blocked reform. This has continued right down to today, despite Bismarck, despite the rise of industry, the War and the Revolution and ten years of semi-socialist control. Their influence, although no longer all-powerful, is still disproportionately great. This can be seen in the newspapers today, for it is this same powerful class which has of late caused difficulties in the Cabinet, by demanding agricultural quotas which the industrialists say will kill what remains of Germany's trade by antagonising all her best customers. That the power of the Junkers should have survived 1918 is at first sight astonishing, until we remember that 1918 was less a revolution than a collapse and that it hardly affected the form of the country's economic life. Or, if you prefer, it was a unique affair in which revolution and counter-revolution were born at the same moment and the latter won. The men who found office thrust upon them fourteen years ago were not revolutionaries. They were a badly scared Parliamentary Opposition, who suddenly found that they were left to hold the baby and that the trained nurse had run away. The Junkers and the old regime cleverly faded away and kept very quiet, and nobody seems even to have thought of dividing up the big estates. To-day the plight of agriculture has begun that job, but that is another story into which we have no time to enter. Anyhow the big landowners retain their political influence, even though they are mostly bankrupt, and the price of wheat in Germany is more than three times the world price. Germany cannot produce enough food to feed her own people; in particular there is not enough wheat-growing soil. Despite the far greater use made of rye, Germany still has to import a great quantity of wheat annually. One would expect agriculture to flourish in a country which cannot produce enough for its own needs and yet has higher food tariffs than almost any other nation. But it does not flourish; on the contrary big landowners and small are alike bankrupt, and if all the mortgages were foreclosed today, by far the greater part of the country would change hands.

Industry in the Bismarckian Era

But to go back to industry. Up till 1870 Bismarck was busy forging his instrument of a united Germany. Then came the war with France, short and sharp and the job was done, both sides guilty as usual, but in those days wars could still be won by one side, and Germany came out on top. Then began a period of industrial development which has no parallel. Three things above all helped towards this: the union of German coal and French iron, made possible by the seizure of Lorraine and its ore; the development of steam and the consequent sudden network of railways which covered the land; and the French indemnity, which began the amazing period of company flotation. Before 1870 there were no joint stock companies in Germany, the country had been a profitable field of investment for British and French capital. Incidentally the Berlin Gas Company was largely British-owned up till the time of the last war. After 1870 joint stock companies sprang up like mushrooms and before very many years German capital was itself seeking fields of investment in foreign lands. But before that came a big crash, as is the way with big booms. We talk about the Bismarckian era as a time of perpetual rise and industrial expansion. But this is misleading. Certainly the wealth of the nation increased enormously, even agriculture paid well as industry began to provide a greater consumer. But the working classes were for the most part miserably off, ill-housed, overworked and underpaid, and precious little sympathy did they get from Bismarck. To these conditions were due both the rise of socialism as a potential political force, and the large-scale emigration to America in search of greater opportunities.

Phenomenal Growth of City Life

Bismarck was a great politician and it is probably truer to say that he recognised industry as a power factor rather than that he set out to help it. The National Liberal Party, whose help he expected, was inspired by concern for international trade and thus was not friendly to the military and land-owning people. It was Hamburg against Potsdam, but when the Liberals failed to support Bismarck's general policy he refused to support their

Free Trade desires. He turned to the Junkers, whose support he purchased by agricultural tariffs with which to protect their home market against the new granaries of North America, but in order to get away with this he had to give the industrialists protected markets and high tariffs too. Bismarck was a dignified political tight-rope walker. This was the end of the short period of German free trade; since then she has not wavered in her tariff policy—nor for that matter has France, where tariffs were adopted immediately after 1871. After this it was steady rise, except that, as we have seen, industrial development was complicated by the autocratic power of the monarchy and the Junkers. But Germany became a land of cities. At the time of the Congress of Vienna the total population of her twelve largest towns was well under a million. To-day, over forty-five of Germany's 62,000,000 inhabitants live in the towns.

This phenomenal growth of city life is typical of the whole story. One is constantly being reminded of how close Germany is to her disunited past.

For example, when walking through Hamburg a few weeks ago, a friend pointed out to me a street leading to the great suburb of Altona. He remarked that if the Hamburg police chased a criminal down that street they would have to catch him before he got to the next corner, or they would lose him. For Altona is in Prussia, whereas Hamburg is a free City, with its own Senate for all matters of local administration. Co-operation between them still requires a sort of diplomatic exchange of notes, which is apt to be a hindrance when a thief has to be caught, or a fire put out.

After having been a bundle of small States fifty years earlier, Germany was, in 1914, overhauling the British economic leadership of Europe. In quite a number of the chief products of modern industry, such as iron, steel and chemicals, her output was double that of England. Her overseas investments were not so large, but they, too, were growing and were everywhere. Her merchant fleet was also expanding rapidly, three of our best-known liners were German built, and were taken over as booty after the war. Incidentally, though every ship over a certain tonnage was taken from her ten years ago, Germany to-day has more tonnage on the sea than she had in 1914, to say nothing of having captured the blue band of the Atlantic with the new North German Lloyd boats, the *Bremen* and *Europa*. In 1914 Germany was bidding fair to rival the industrial supremacy of the United States; ten years later she seemed an economic wreck. Today in a normally functioning world she would again be the maximum producer of Europe.

Penalties of Reparation and Rationalisation

I have referred to the inflation period before as the event of the post-war years which made the deepest impression on the nation. But the industrialists suffered least from it; many of them gained. Whereas the working classes, although fully employed, were half starved through most of the inflation years, and whereas the middle classes were ruined by the wiping out of fixed interest debentures, etc. (many of them actually died of committed suicide, and almost all lost everything), still Big Business suffered little. For one thing their receipts from sales increased more rapidly than their expenses. Whenever the market, wholesale prices rose; wages, salaries, rents and rates of interest rose less rapidly. Then, too, the German manufacturer could undersell home producers in other countries, and thus gain foreign currencies, and in addition to all this he usually operated at that time with borrowed capital.

The German Government itself must bear some responsibility for the inflation period, and men like Hugo Stinnes, who had such great influence in the Government, were certainly not wholly innocent of the havoc caused to the mass of their fellow-countrymen by this nightmare time. There were lulls in the storm when the currency could have been stabilised quite obviously, since it was stabilised eventually under even more difficult circumstances without outside help. But this is not to say that the German Government deliberately depreciated the currency. The chief blame for the inflation lay on the action of the Allies in saddling Germany with impossibly large reparation payments after she had not only been weakened by war, but had had her economic unity slashed about by treaty concessions. As, for instance, in Upper Silesia, where the new frontiers wrecked a compact economic unit in order to give the spoils to Poland. The invasion of the Ruhr by Poincaré put the finishing touch.

I cannot, of course, go into the attempts to make reparations work by means of the Dawes and Young Plans. Reparations finally broke down at Lausanne this year and Germany is now paying none, nor will she pay more. The whole thing has been a silly farce or a great tragedy, or both, according to the point of view. There would be less cause for pessimism if the great lesson of the last decade seemed at last to have been learnt, the lesson that in peace as in war one nation cannot injure another without the deed becoming a boomerang and both or all being injured. At present we all pay lip-service to that belief, but there seems precious little sign of the Governments acting upon it.

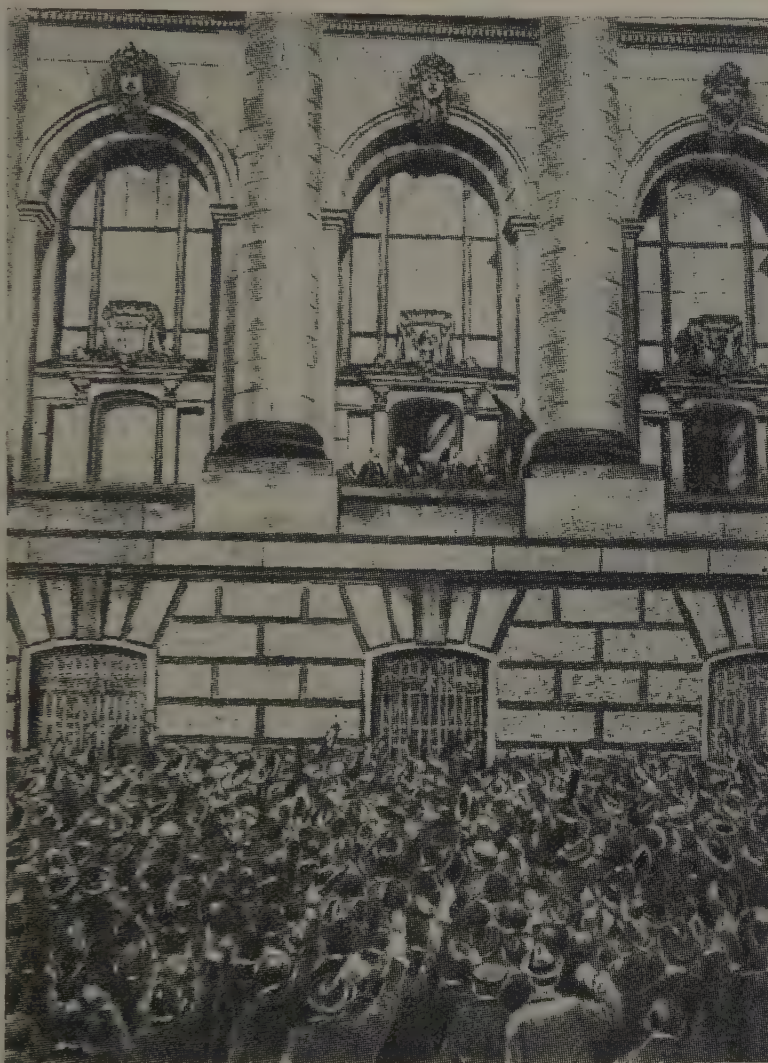
The years 1926 and 1927 saw the second German exodus to America; but this time it was not that of workers seeking better conditions, but of industrial magnates studying new methods. During the inflation much money had been spent on plant and machinery, largely because it seemed the safest place to put German marks. This plant was perhaps not always of the best, since it was often hurriedly decided upon. But it would have served. The German industrialists became possessed of a fever for rationalisation, however, and equipped their factories as elaborately as though the world had already solved the problem of distribution. Incidentally it was largely

done with money borrowed in America. They are paying for their arrogance now by bankruptcy. As with other countries Germany is finding that one machine can easily do the work of ten men, but that it won't feed the ten men's children: 25 per cent. of present German unemployment is estimated as due to rationalisation, which presumably means that over a million Germans will remain unemployed until the distribution problem is solved.

This is a very hasty outline of Germany's economic development. Those who are interested will find a number of books available on the subject, two which I recommend are Professor Angell's *Recovery of Germany*,* and a small book by Mr. Philips Price—*Germany in Transition*†—which contains a mine of information on Germany not available elsewhere in English.

A Summary of German Industrial History

We may say that there have been three stages in German economic development crammed within the last 100 years. 1815-48, political, dominated by Metternich from Vienna. The sole landmark of this period is the Customs Union of 1832. The second period 1848-70, in which Bismarck was preparing to unite Germany. From 1870 to 1914, full steam ahead with industrialisation, but developments checked by the dual control



Proclaiming the Revolution in Germany from the balcony of the Reichstag on November 9, 1918

*Published by the Oxford University Press, 22s. 6d. †This book is out of print, but should be obtainable at libraries

of agriculture and industry. Industry provided the engine which made the country go, but the hand on the steering wheel was that of the Junker. There is a striking difference between the conditions of development of industry in England and Germany; England with the unshackled freedom of the Manchester school and *laissez-faire*, and Germany where the industrial magnates had to work inside the strait jacket of the Prussian military caste system. Incidentally the most intense period of industrial expansion followed upon Bismarck's dismissal and coincided with a period of political degeneration. The 1918 revolution broke this caste system, though apparently not completely. Historically speaking, for those able to ignore the personal tragedies involved, the developments of the present time in Germany are fascinating. After 1918 it seemed as if the struggle for power had become that between capital and labour. The events of the past six months have shown that that reading was premature. For the moment the great force of Labour is politically out of the picture and we are watching what is probably a historical flash in the pan. The two power forces of pre-War days are back in the field: Big Business and the Big Landowners. But in these chaotic times of bankrupt trade all

round, the old semi-alliance won't work, for the simple reason that there is not enough profit to divide between them. That, when shorn of its frills, is the unenviable situation with which the German Chancellor has to struggle to-day; the problem of how to divide the cake between industry and agriculture—when there is scarcely any cake to divide! I say it is probably a flash in the pan because it seems inevitable that agriculture in the sense of the time-honoured domination by big landowners, will be beaten by industry. Germany can live without her Junkers; without her industry she cannot live. And that opens out the prospect of the future when the picture changes again. We have in other talks thrown a rapid glance back over German political development, and we concluded that there seemed little likelihood of a democratic government, since the people themselves are, at present at least, averse to it. Where is Germany bound for then? The dramatic picture on the jacket of Knickerbocker's book, *Germany, Fascist or Communist?* seems after all to strike probabilities. Since their 'revolution' of 1918 the middle classes seem to have failed themselves. The alternative would seem to be a dictatorship by Big Business in some guise or other, but probably with another struggle to follow later on.

The B.B.C. Balances its Service Budget

B.B.C. Year Book, 1933. 2s. Reviewed by HOLBROOK JACKSON

YEAR BOOKS are generally for reference, not reading. The *B.B.C. Year Book* is for both. Each volume is a chapter in radio history as well as an encyclopædia of listening, and the complex machinery which makes listening possible. The readability of successive issues has been recognised, but this year there is an additional attraction, for the B.B.C. has rounded its first decade and the *Year Book* takes 'a backward glance o'er travelled roads', with the result that it is both a history of the B.B.C. and a year book. This cannot fail to gratify listeners who think as well as listen, and who have not ceased to wonder at the miracle which has turned the etheric waves into instruments of instruction and entertainment.

Radio is still wonderful, for it is the latest born and most fantastic of all those marvels which distinguish our *tempora mirabilia* from other ages. It is, however, more than what Daisy Ashford might have called a 'mere' wonder, like an automobile. You no longer stand and stare at a motor-car; you have almost ceased to wonder at an aeroplane. But no one with a shred of imagination can fail to be thrilled by the thought that by turning a tap you can flood your room with Bach and Beethoven more quickly than you can fill your bath with water. And if that is not enough, the wonder is increased when you are permitted to perform this miracle for the small sum of ten shillings a year. The *B.B.C. Year Book* is the annual record of these wonders, and a miracle of cheapness in itself, for it contains nearly 500 pages of good printing, authoritative writing and attractive illustrating, for two shillings.

The contents cover the principal operations of the B.B.C.; its relations with listeners as individuals with definite or indefinite tastes, as well as with listeners in the mass with interests moral, commercial, religious, or political—any of which may suffer real or imaginary injury from interpolated heterodoxy, which is rare, or temporary lapses in the awareness of skilled editors or trustworthy talkers. But the problems of broadcasting do not end there. They are even more subtle when it comes to matters of taste in music, drama, literature, and the fine arts generally.

Before the B.B.C., it was believed that differences of æsthetic opinion were confined to a numerically small, but temperamental, class which indulged its irascible tendencies in the fastnesses of Chelsea and Bloomsbury. Among other achievements, broadcasting has exploded that comfortable idea, and it is now known that expressions of outraged taste which have led to the defilement of the statues of Peter Pan and Rima are not confined to those queer folk who have a grudge against public monuments. Broadcast programmes are exposed to all the opinionated winds that blow, until the grateful listener (fortunately in a majority and mainly silent) wonders that his radio menu is so varied and so digestible. The *Year Book* tells how this is done, and when exposition is backed, as it is, by lists of what has been achieved in concerts, readings, talks and other enterprises, you are forced to admit that a technique of popular selection, or programme making, has been evolved which is as novel and as admirable as broadcasting itself.

To know how these and other broadcasting operations are conducted is necessary to the making of the complete listener. Every page of the *Year Book* contributes to that end, against a background of history which culminates appropriately in the occupation of Broadcasting House. This wide range is covered methodically in sections and sub-sections; and the traveller over so large and closely stocked an area is directed by tempting titles and cross-headings, augmented by tables of contents and indexes to the subject-matter and the advertisements. Listeners who have already slipped into the habit of taking their radio

with that unquestioning acceptance which they give to the electric light, will be stirred to a new interest by these fascinating pages which expound the mysteries of the most modern of mechanisms and a new and indispensable social service.

The *Year Book* is the service balance sheet of the B.B.C. That the service budget of the Corporation is handsomely balanced needs no further argument than the statistics of its own craft. At the close of 1923 there were 580,380 licensed listeners. There are now 5,000,000. Another table shows that, with the exception of Denmark with a percentage of 13.4 of licence holders, Great Britain holds the record with a percentage of 10.7, the U.S.A. coming third with 9.8. The highest English percentage of licensees is shared between Cambridgeshire, Kent, Oxfordshire and Surrey, which have 15 per cent. each. The lowest is Durham, with 4 per cent. In Scotland, Lanarkshire and Glasgow with 12 per cent. hold the highest record, and Berwickshire, Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherland the lowest at 2 per cent. each. The highest in Wales is Carnarvonshire with 12 per cent.; Anglesey and Brecknockshire are lowest with 3 per cent. each. Sociologists and radio experts will find much to speculate on these differences, to which may be added the following puzzling percentages: Isle of Man 9 per cent., the Channel Islands 10 per cent., Northern Ireland, 3 per cent.

Other figures help us to visualise the growth of the wireless trade. In 1926 the turnover of the trade was £7,800,000, and in 1931 it was £29,800,000. The Radio Exhibition in 1924 had a stand area of 11,700 square feet; in 1932 this figure had increased to 74,154. Attendance at the exhibition increased from 46,000 in 1924 to 180,750 in 1932; and the number of receivers produced in 1931 was 1,258,150.

The *Year Book*, from whose tables I have taken these figures, indicates the extent of listening and the power of broadcasting. As you go through the packed pages noting the wide range of problems involved in the creation of broadcast programmes of religion and drama, morals and music, entertainment, politics and education, blended in time and matter to give the maximum of entertainment and instruction and the minimum of irritation or offence to a potential audience of 15,000,000, you realise that something new and portentous has come into our lives. The *B.B.C. Year Book* is interesting and instructive as few year books can hope to be, but as the authoritative record of the most powerful educational and entertainment instrument in the world, it is a document of national importance.

A collection has now been published of the broadcast religious addresses given on Sunday evenings from St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It is eight years since the experiment of the wireless religious service was first undertaken from St. Martin's, and ever since then these services have been held regularly once a month, until today they have become one of the most welcome and generally accepted features of the broadcast programme. The addresses now published under the title *St. Martin-in-the-Fields Calling* (Athenæum Press, 3s. 6d.) were given by the Rev. A. H. Gray, the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, the Rev. L. P. Jacke, the Rev. Pat McCormick, the Rev. C. H. Ritchie, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, and the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy. 'We of St. Martin's', writes Mr. McCormick in the introduction, 'do not pretend to be preachers in the accepted sense of the word, yet we believe that we have been given a message to deliver in a simple way which the man who sits by his own fireside can understand'. This belief is fully borne out by the character of the addresses here published.

'This B.B.C.'

A Discussion between the Rt. Hon. LORD ALLEN OF HURTWOOD and SIR ERNEST BENN,
broadcast during the B.B.C.'s Tenth Birthday Week on November 15

SIR ERNEST BENN: Well, Lord Allen, I don't suppose you and I have ever been asked to discuss a more fascinating subject than this marvellous invention of broadcasting. Now, I am not going to give you an inch in debate, if I can help it, and so before we begin hammering away at each other we may as well start with something about which we agree. Will you explain to me why you think broadcasting is so vitally important, and then I will try to make you see its dangers?

LORD ALLEN: Right, I'll start off with a very sweeping statement. I think broadcasting is the most important invention since printing. It is bringing amusement and knowledge to millions of people every day of every week. Thirty years ago I don't suppose more than a few hundred thousand people ever went to a concert or lecture more than, say, a dozen times a year, whilst only a mere handful took the trouble to read books.

SIR E. B.: Oh, oh! You can't expect me to admit that.

LORD A.: All right, I'll leave books out of it to please you. But you'll agree that *now* all this is being changed; and when we have got television as well, the most primitive native in some tropical jungle will be able to learn, for instance, about health—or what you will—even though he can neither read nor write. We shall, in fact, be able to speed up the common sense of the world in a generation, whereas before it took hundreds of years to make even the smallest advance. In the days when there was no wireless, a child in some lonely corner of the country had to be content with extracting what he could get from whoever happened to be his local teacher or parent. As for the adult—well, he had to depend upon what the editor of his particular penny newspaper cared to serve up to him. But now the whole world of knowledge is available to the remotest cottage. You can listen to the thinkers, politicians and fun-makers of every nation. If a statesman wants to appeal to millions of people, he can do it direct, and not be at the mercy of snippets picked out of his speech by some journalist. Broadcasting can turn the nation into a university, or it can bring fun and entertainment into the loneliest hamlet or the drabdest slum street. We used to think the crowds that turned up to a cup-tie match were pretty big, but they are a mere drop in the ocean compared with the wireless crowds that turn up to a boxing match in New York, a concert in Berlin or a political meeting in Manchester. And when some day we may find ourselves on the edge of another war, the League of Nations will be able to broadcast the truth over the frontiers of every country. In fact, the whole world is being turned into a city state.

SIR E. B.: That's magnificent, and you, Lord Allen, certainly have the easy half of the task which is allotted to us this evening. You are to defend the B.B.C., and I am to attack it. To defend an institution which numbers the whole population as its friends does not seem to me to be likely to put much of a strain upon you, while to attack it is to ask for trouble. My task is the more difficult because I am a devoted admirer of the B.B.C., and had I been in the place of its Governors during the last ten years, faced with all the questions and problems which have confronted them, I believe I should have acted more or less as they have done. The B.B.C. is a popular institution, and it has to accommodate itself to a world that is stark staring mad. Were I a statesman, confronted with the necessity of doing the practical and possible as distinguished from that which is intrinsically right and good, I should have followed the path taken by those responsible for this miraculous institution. So you'll appreciate my difficulty.

LORD A.: Oh, I appreciate your difficulty all right!

SIR E. B.: No doubt, but don't run away with the idea that your course is going to be as easy as all that. In nothing that I have to say shall I be practical. You must not imagine that I am suggesting any change. As a practical man I have day by day to put up with a great deal that cannot be altered so long as there exists a public mind besotted with the easy errors of collectivism. I have thus to accept things like tariffs, death duties and trade unions, all of which are ethically, economically and socially wrong, but none the less necessary evils in the world in which we live. In accepting, therefore, this brief against the B.B.C., I am merely doing my best to educate the ten million listeners for something better when happier and saner times arrive. So long as the public insists on believing that union is strength except for destructive purposes, or that all things can be organised, rationalised, or planned, my case is hopeless. There is, however, a gleam of hope—and it is the best answer that I can give to myself—in the fact that the B.B.C. is wise and good enough to ask me to adopt this critical line. The genius at the back of this institution recognises that it must keep the edge of its quality as keen as it is to-day, and therefore needs criticism, and, as I think, opposition and competition.

LORD A.: I must say, Sir Ernest, that's a very generous opening to our discussion. I hope I shall be able to live up to it. First, you are fair-minded enough to confess that you don't feel able to propose any alternative to the present policy and character of the B.B.C. Then you go on to pay a most generous tribute to its immense popularity and success. Five million licence-holders! That's enough proof for me. You must forgive me if I take this as being very good evidence that the constitution and policy of the B.B.C. have earned the right to be called a thumping success.

SIR E. B.: That may be true, but shall we first try to get the facts? Just look at the peril which faces us when some wretched Government wishes us all to think alike, or wants to keep back the truth, or to shut out the opposition, and dragoon us all. Why, your dictatorships in Russia and Italy are milk and water in comparison with what the B.B.C. can do with us if we allow the State a finger in this pie. This business of propaganda and the organisation of opinion is the one area of activity above all others in which the State simply must not be allowed. That's exactly why I am absolutely up against the monopolistic constitution of the B.B.C.

LORD A.: I think you will find you are wrong, but if that is what you feel, it is quite obvious we must first get clear about what this terrible constitution really is. Now I am quite sure it is not liable to the dangers you fear. I am equally sure that every alternative to it will open up far greater dangers.

SIR E. B.: The fact that it may have escaped comparatively unscathed so far is no argument, you know. Liable, I maintain, it is, and I'd go further and say that in the long run the B.B.C. is doomed to increasing interference or veiled influence from the Government. But go ahead and describe the present constitution, for I don't think many people know much about it.

LORD A.: Very well, I will. Here are the facts. Parliament has created a monopoly for broadcasting, and handed over its control by Charter to an independent Corporation.

SIR E. B.: That, of course, begs the question right away. Independent, indeed! But go on.

LORD A.: Yes, independent! This Corporation receives its licence to broadcast from the Postmaster-General. He can be checked by the Government. The Government is dependent upon the authority of Parliament; Parliament itself is responsible to the popular will. Now it is perfectly true that Parliament reserves to itself an ultimate power in case of need for the Government to take over the direct control of broadcasting. It is also true that under the licence the Postmaster-General can require the B.B.C. to broadcast anything that the Government desires, and abstain from broadcasting anything that it wishes to prevent.

SIR E. B.: Now just think of that. Look at the dangers that open up!

LORD A.: Not so fast: you will have to look at dangers as well as I. Fortunately the State has hardly ever exercised this right to intervene. The independent authority of the B.B.C. has almost always been respected, and we have got to see that it remains so. This independent Corporation is managed by a Board of Governors nominated for a period of years by the Government of the day. These Governors then appoint a Director-General, to whom is entrusted the actual organisation of broadcasting. Now see what happens. By this careful balance of power, authority is ultimately retained by the community itself.

SIR E. B.: Oh, that word ultimately!

LORD A.: Why, you surely don't want control to be more direct! Initiative is essential. It is secured by the process of delegation from Parliament to the independent B.B.C. The dead hand of the State is thereby kept in the background, as would not be the case if the B.B.C. were directly controlled by a Government Department. Now that is the B.B.C. constitution which has attracted five million licence-holders. You see, this business of broadcasting is new and unique. It has to do with public opinion and therefore its constitution must be very elastic, very sensitive, and very responsive. You simply cannot hand over an instrument of such enormous power to private persons or companies. Still less can you hand it over entirely to the State. That's why I think the present constitution is so wisely balanced and so exactly right—better, in fact, than any other in the world.

SIR E. B.: But look here, that very lucid lecturette started with the lamblike acceptance of the right of the State to monopolise the ether. Not being so much impressed as you appear to be with the rights of the State, your argument makes a weaker appeal to me than it will to some. I agree with you that the present constitution is much better than if the B.B.C. were to be directly controlled by a State Department, but you must face

up to my criticisms. You have said that the B.B.C. is a monopoly. If, therefore, the B.B.C. or the Postmaster-General is allowed to bully everybody else out of the ether, it is, bound, by the invincible forces of nature, to become an evil, dangerous and degrading thing.

LORD A.: I don't agree. You've no grounds for assuming that.

SIR E. B.: My dear Allen, history proves it over and over again. At various times and in various countries the Church has been in exactly the same position. In those cases they cut off a head or two or put an odd body to the stake. But no inquisition ever approached the moral iniquity of the B.B.C. pumping H. G. Wells into the million listeners, while denying to them the right to hear Winston Churchill!

LORD A.: That's nonsense, Benn. The talks by Wells have been part of an arranged series, whereas Churchill wanted to speak just because he was Churchill. As a matter of fact he has broadcast, but no individual can command the microphone just whenever he wants to. If it is controversy he wishes to deal in, he must wait his turn like the rest of us, especially in any matter of acute controversy, when it may be necessary for a reply to be arranged. What on earth would happen if six hundred M.P.s had the right to rush round to the B.B.C. every time they wanted to speak?

SIR E. B.: Well, let that pass. The point is, we all admit monopoly to be an evil thing. But here you have the politicians through the Postmaster-General drawing a ring round the ether, and turning the police force on to anyone who attempts to interfere with the tyrannical monopsychism of the Governors and Directors of the B.B.C. The most obvious symptom of the mental degeneracy of the world is its complete lack of appreciation of the quality of liberty. I am a total abstainer, but were I an American citizen I should take to alcohol as a matter of social duty in order to emphasise the importance of liberty above every other consideration. All progress has its roots in liberty. If broadcasting is to develop it must be free, anybody must be at liberty to undertake it. The present broadcasting monopoly enjoyed by the B.B.C. takes us back beyond the worst tyrannies of history.

LORD A.: My dear Benn, what on earth do you mean?

SIR E. B.: Why, it's the application of conscription to the realm of thought. There is some sort of a case for the conscription of the person and all his wealth—a pretty poor case, as you of all people will agree—but this is conscription of the mind. We already stand in pretty grave danger from the powers of suppression exercised by the press. The curse of newspapers with circulations running into seven figures is not so much in what they say as in what they omit to say. But with the press there is a safety valve. It is always possible to find some little sheet willing to print the truth. With the microphone monopoly, however, there is no such safeguard.

LORD A.: Do let me chip in here. Of course I admit the danger of monopoly. Of course I am as keen as you about freedom from State tyranny—in fact I spent a goodish time in prison because I stood up for the rights of the individual against the State, so you are preaching to the converted. But do get away from words and look at the facts. A monopoly can be a good thing or a bad thing according to *how* it is used and *why* it is used. You try to frighten me with this word monopoly, but what do you offer me instead?—the blessings of competition. Well, first of all consider your world of competition. Just now you called this world mad. Of course it is, and why? Because of your love of competition which, in the modern world, is bound to lead to hopeless confusion. You can see that staring you in the face. Every country is overlapping every other country, all producing the same commodities, until there are so many good things in the world that we don't even know how to distribute them, and so we have to burn our coffee and our crops when people are starving. No, Sir Ernest, you aren't going to frighten me with this word monopoly. Let's give it another name; then we shall see more clearly what it means. It means some chance of order and design instead of destructive, deadly confusion. And I do want to rub in the fact that the B.B.C. constitution has shown us how we can get this, and yet prevent the State killing initiative, growth or discovery.

But you really must face up to the result of *your* approach to the problem. Any alternative constitution for broadcasting, you would find, if you tried to describe it, must have far more dangers and disadvantages.

SIR E. B.: You started with a most delightful epitome of the long-worn-out fallacies of Socialism. My humble advice to you is to get as much of it over the microphone as you can, before the B.B.C. dictators realise that the public will not stand it any longer. The world is in a mess from Governments; not from capitalists. Governments burn coffee.

LORD A.: Ah! but only to clear up the muddle made by competing capitalists.

SIR E. B.: Now, come back and face facts. Look at Russia. Tune in to Moscow for a moment, and tell me what is the difference between the Chief of the B.B.C. and the Chief Commissar of the Russian broadcasting arrangements. I suggest to you that both hold a sway over the mind which can't possibly be allowed to continue. That sounds a rather bold statement to

make, but just refer to an address given only last May by an official of the B.B.C. to the Royal Institution of Great Britain and tell me if it isn't justified. Listen to this: 'Monopoly was once an invidious and unpopular word. It is less so to-day. We are being driven to it. Economic and administrative arguments are not the only ones to take account of. There are sometimes others. They may be of the intellectual and ethical order, and such most certainly apply with special cogency to the type of service which the B.B.C. has to conduct'. My dear Lord Allen, it makes my hair stand on end to hear of monopoly supported by intellectual and ethical arguments, and yet that is what the B.B.C. is endeavouring to establish. When you have monopolised intellect and ethics, nothing else matters. But tell me whether you think Stalin or Mussolini would state their case better than this next quotation from the same address: 'Statesmanship in the world has not of recent years been characterised by strong, courageous and definitive action. That such was badly needed cannot be denied. We have seen too much timidity, too much compromise, too much mediocrity. What can have accounted for it? Does it all resolve in the long run into fear of the electors?' You will hardly believe it, but the argument goes on to say that the B.B.C., having no fear of the elector, is serving the democratic purpose better than democracy itself. And listen to this: 'The right type of men in charge of satisfactory broadcasting systems, and working in conjunction with each other, can probably exercise a more profound influence in world affairs than can the most benevolently disposed statesman or the League of Nations itself'. You will begin to realise, Lord Allen, from these quotations, that there is some need for more discussion of this B.B.C. monopoly.

LORD A.: Hear, hear.

SIR E. B.: But let's get back to the points you made. Your case, as I understand it, is first that there should be no public control, and second that the public should dispense with democracies and leave it to the B.B.C. You may claim that here is the beginning of the new civilisation. It is certainly the end of the old, but I had not realised until I read this address to the Royal Institution that the new civilisation involves a complete annihilation of the individual mind.

LORD A.: How can you say that? Far from arguing that there should be no public control, I have said the direct opposite, and then it was you who objected. You can't have it both ways. I have just told you that the B.B.C. constitution is built upon the foundation of public ownership, and there lies your safeguard against any attempt to set up an ethical or intellectual monopoly. Why, such a thing is preposterous! But if you were to go and hand over this powerful instrument to a private company, it would be *you* who would be risking an intellectual monopoly. It is this very B.B.C. constitution that saves you from the danger you fear, because it gives the community the right to step in and check any such dangerous tendency. And do forgive me, but you are equally talking through your hat when you ask me what is the difference between the B.B.C. and the Russian broadcasting State tyranny. You know perfectly well that Russian broadcasting, Russian education and Russian everything else is the most unqualified negation of liberty anywhere in the world. But you also know that the B.B.C., on the contrary, has set such a high standard of freedom in public debate that some people have been almost startled by the immense variety of conflicting opinion that has been admitted to the microphone. Why, look at the talks, debates and discussions advertised week by week in the *Radio Times*, and do stop talking of Russian tyranny and monopolies. And anyhow what alternatives are there?

SIR E. B.: Free competitive broadcasting.

LORD A.: But, my dear Benn, that would destroy practically every one of the good points associated with the B.B.C. Look first at finance! How are you going to finance your various competing companies? They would want vast sums of money, and consequently they would have to compete for advertisements. Once that happens you would be a genius if you could manage to avoid the methods of the popular daily press, which would force you to lower your standard in order to get big circulations. If you leave public taste to be fought for and struggled over by profit-making wireless and newspaper companies, the public will never have a chance of showing that all the time it really desired what was good.

SIR E. B.: You still seem to have your telescope to a Socialistic eye.

LORD A.: But look—here is another point, and I think it is one of the most hopeful contributions to the habit of thought ever made in history. Owing to this very monopoly constitution, which you attack, the B.B.C. can do something that has never before been possible in any instrument of opinion or public taste. It can, and does, bring a vast range of contrary views under one roof, instead of segregating opinion under rival leaders of thought. You could never do that without a monopoly. You see very few people now take in more than one newspaper. But they can do so through the B.B.C. without expense and merely by turning a dial. Just think what a contribution to a new habit of thought that is. Here is no dragooning of opinion—quite the contrary. People are being provided with an easy opportunity of hearing more than one point of view. They are getting accustomed to

the fact that truth is many-sided and that discussion itself is thoroughly respectable. That's a pretty big step forward.

SIR E. B.: No doubt, but I wonder how long it can be kept up?

LORD A.: Once started, it will keep itself up. Now, would you cut yourself entirely off from such a new opportunity if you conducted broadcasting as you do competing newspapers? I don't want a Conservative B.B.C., a Liberal B.B.C., a Labour B.B.C. with each group of adherents 'hugging-in', as they always have done, to their own point of view—becoming more set than ever in fixed opinions, when instead we might have learnt how to weigh up *all* opinions, and so form something worth calling judgment. Unless we can get practically all opinions through *one* national instrument, as we do in the B.B.C., we shall never develop this new habit of listening to ideas with which we disagree. You try to frighten me with talk of conscription of the mind. What a travesty of the B.B.C.! Exactly the opposite is the case. We are now freed from the chains that used to bind us to *one* newspaper, *one* party or *one* church. *All* schools of thought must now come to the ordeal of the national microphone, all must stand the test of debate and controversy. Do you prefer being enticed by coupons, competitions and insurance schemes into rival wireless castles, where we are shut up in separate groups, tied and imprisoned? Through the B.B.C. we are free to hear all points of view in one public forum. Oh, this business of what you call competition! Why, Sir Ernest, what liberty has it really given us, except liberty for the strong to deceive the weak; liberty for an ugly scramble for private riches so that you are bankrupting us with disorder in a world of plenty; liberty for the old men and old schools of thought to shut us up in their separate churches and separate parties, where they can make us think as they do and keep us from the free winds of knowledge and facts? . . . and then you talk of conscription of the mind!

SIR E. B.: Of course, if I could accept what I believe to be your wholly false foundations, or could be as skilful as you in ignoring my own arguments, I should be completely carried away. Supposing that we shift the ground. There is no easier way of clearing one's mind on any problem than getting it at a distance. Just imagine the B.B.C. with its English constitution in America, where, of course, there is no such monopoly as that from which we suffer here. Do you think that even the B.B.C. could escape the spirit of graft, the influence of the bootlegger, the fear of the gangster, or the frank recognition of political influence in the allocation of jobs and offices and perquisites? I don't doubt that for a time we shall retain enough of the old British individualistic liberty-loving character to resist evil influences like these, but if you insist on destroying that character, the B.B.C., even in Britain, is bound to become subject to similar sinister influences.

LORD A.: Not if we stick to our B.B.C. constitution.

SIR E. B.: Not even that will save you. I am a Free Trader because the other thing introduces elements and influences into public affairs which rob them of their purity. These influences are at work to-day, and will get worse as time goes on. And exactly the same considerations apply to the case for free trade in broadcasting. We are threatened with the new delights, or if you prefer it the horrors, of television, and the B.B.C. is doing wonderful work in producing pictures four nights a week for half an hour, and, of course, nobody else is allowed to broadcast pictures at all. But in America I am told there are somewhere about thirty separate institutions producing pictures at this particular moment. It is obvious that with thirty competing agencies, everybody with ideas about television has a chance, and it is perfectly certain that the new science will be perfected in America while the B.B.C. is still organising its early errors.

LORD A.: Don't you believe it; for all their thirty institutions I am told there's pretty well nothing to choose between America and ourselves in this television business.

SIR E. B.: Then, on economy and efficiency I do not doubt that the B.B.C. at this moment is a model in both respects. It is so new and has such wonderful enthusiasm and such wonderful men behind it. But all human experience proves that these qualities will weaken and disappear. So long as the B.B.C. has a monopoly, so long as its funds come through the agency of the Government, it is bound to develop both inefficiency and extravagance; nothing else can happen. The B.B.C. puts ten million minds into the autocratic hands of a body of Governors and managers, and is in fact a modern Star Chamber. How long do you suppose that that sort of power can retain its present purity or wisdom? You must see that the scheme is outrageous and impossible unless you can get beyond the ether to the celestial regions and elect your Governors from the company of archangels.

LORD A.: And what do you offer us instead. Not archangels from the celestial regions—not even the lower angels who have directed the B.B.C. with such drive and resourcefulness. No, you offer us directors like those of other private companies, who have made such a hash of the world with their competition that the rich are at their wits' end, and the poor walking the streets unemployed in a world of plenty. Do be practical. How are you going to establish your thirty competing stations? Why already the ether is overcrowded, so that some line must be

drawn. How many sections of opinion are you going to allow to set up their stations? You will soon find it will be you yourself who will be denying freedom to some group or other. Finance will force you to give broadcasting rights to the rich and strong because no one else could afford to set up wireless stations. And if you get half a dozen rich competing groups, do you think *they* are going to give a show to minorities? Have they ever done so before? What chance have unpopular minorities up till now in the popular press? I know something about it.

SIR E. B.: Now look here; may I bring you down to a comparatively trumpery detail which may help you to understand the bigger points involved in my argument. The microphone has already collapsed completely in a little thing like literary and dramatic criticism, and collapsed simply because of this monopoly idea. If, as a dramatic critic, I care to write for a newspaper and say that a particular play is rotten, I do little damage and no injustice, because some other critic can write for another paper and give the opposite opinion. But if as a critic I stand before the microphone and give a one-sided opinion and my rival who takes the other side is denied the use of the microphone, the most outrageous injustice occurs. If the B.B.C. would only let the X.Y.Z. set up in opposition, they could revert to the old practice and give us not only entertainment, but much help by serious criticism in all fields. The arrival of the B.B.C. makes it necessary to revive all the arguments of centuries on freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of thought.

LORD A.: Ah! there you touch on a really controversial subject. That's a fact which can be proved. Time and time again enquiries have been made, and publishers have told them that praise or blame has not substantially affected the sales of new books one way or the other. Anyhow, I think your argument actually helps my case more than your own! This business of broadcast criticism reveals very clearly how sensitive the B.B.C. always is to well-considered criticism. They've already met you more than halfway. The monopoly of single critics, which you so roundly denounce, has already given place to a rota. G. K. Chesterton succeeds Desmond MacCarthy; E. M. Forster, Miss Sackville-West; and after Christmas, I'm told, the present critics give place to two more. And it's the same with films and plays. No school of thought, no *one* critic, however brilliant, is allowed more than a temporary monopoly. And the form of criticism has also been deliberately altered. Mere notices of new books, films and plays have given place to talks in which the books, films or plays take second place, and are incidental to discussions of broader literary questions. That at any rate is the aim and the increasing tendency, and I agree with it.

SIR E. B.: Yes, but even so, Lord Allen, surely you can't pretend that the B.B.C. is sufficiently broadminded in opening its doors to all opinion.

LORD A.: I reply that it never can be and never ought to be sufficiently broadminded. The world of thought is, thank goodness, always changing, and it is the genius of the B.B.C. to keep in step with that changing world of thought. It's the business of minorities to force the pace, but that is not the job of the B.B.C. Its great task is to hold the ring so that thought and opinion may grow.

SIR E. B.: But what about these many burning controversies which are troubling men's minds? Is all tendentious opinion and every minority to be excluded from the microphone?

LORD A.: Certainly not. More and more of them must come to the test of the national microphone, and they are, in fact, doing so already, as you know. But do remember that it is exactly here that the B.B.C. has its own contribution to make by emphasising *how* these delicate subjects should be discussed. Another ten years of broadcasting and the world of public opinion will be very different from what it is to-day. It will have made men tolerant; but they are not so yet; and therefore minorities, if they really care about their own ideas, should meantime be the first to accept limitations on the manner in which they present their case at the microphone. What these minorities ought to be chiefly concerned about is how to keep thought developing so that there shall be no sharp setback in a society which they must acknowledge is at present miles behind their minority views. If they are right they will win through, but they will only do so provided they realise that the most important thing at this stage is to carry the consent of majority opinion as it changes and develops. That's far more valuable than forcing minority opinions by a style of advocacy which is often so crude that it actually closes the mind of the listener.

SIR E. B.: Surely you have entirely missed the point. If you feel that some delicate situation of the state of public opinion might be disturbed by the advocacy of a minority opinion, very well then, arrange a reply to it and have a debate. That will not only safeguard you, but will do something quite as valuable because it will create the habit of open argument in the public mind. Surely you cannot object to that.

LORD A.: I agree, and that is exactly what the B.B.C. has been doing during the last few years.

SIR E. B.: Very well then, there seems no difference of opinion between us. You have conceded my point, namely, that by one means or another all things should have access to broadcasting.

LORD A.: No I haven't, nor do I intend to. I am completely with you in wishing to extend the habit of debate. It is the proper method for permitting minority opinions to be expressed, and exactly what the B.B.C. is doing. But I maintain that even debates should be selective, and carried on in a helpful spirit. There is still a powerful section of public opinion strongly opposed to the method of even free debate. Lots of people still think that certain subjects are so fundamentally harmful that they ought not to be mentioned in public at all even in debate. That applies particularly to certain aspects of the sex problem. If such people believe that through the clever device of a debate you are going to lead the public to become indiscriminately careless about what they regard as fundamental truths, then they will be shocked and angry. And that *could* be a serious danger. This desire that thought should go on growing and developing—as it is doing more and more rapidly—is to me the most important ideal in the world. Surely, therefore, we ought to be especially careful that at no stage in its development do we cause sudden reaction or obstruction against change. I want to prevent that more even than I want to get people to accept any *one* of my own opinions. You see broadcasting is a public medium, and so I don't want people, who now feel deeply and differently from me, either themselves to stop listening or, what is equally serious, to set going agitations which might stop me from listening.

SIR E. B.: Well, that seems to me to be intellectual cowardice. If we must cut ourselves off from the right even of the debate because certain old fossils sitting in their intellectual dug-outs may be shocked by something or other even being argued at all, what earthly hope is there of progress?

LORD A.: Every hope. For don't you see that we are not cutting ourselves off from debate, and don't you realise how rapidly people are changing, and permitting subjects to be discussed which a few years previously they thought were completely shocking? The B.B.C. is persuading us to listen to ideas and opinions with which we may disagree, because it takes care how they are presented. Do let that process go on *with general consent*. In fact, my argument is one not so much of principle, but of decent worldly sensitiveness, wisdom and tolerance. Lots of people have already been angered on right or left by what they have heard on the wireless, but they have got over it, and by getting over a thing you get on to the next. But you can only do that if opponents know you honestly respect and desire their consent. If, however, at this moment, within ten years of the creation of this new instrument, you force the pace so fast that you start shocking people too much and too often, then you might kill what is the most hopeful instrument of growing opinion which the world has seen since the introduction of printing. We have got to persuade the majority to become more and more favourable to this idea that all sections of thought have the right to be expressed. You know, Benn, I would far rather help people to learn *how* to think wisely and freely about religion, sex and politics than get them to join my

church, or party or school of thought. You see, I believe in progressive *opinion* more than I believe in progressive *people*. Growth and progress are so valuable that they must be protected from being destroyed either by the burning zeal of the progressive on the one side, or by the destructive passion of the reactionary on the other. Upon that depends the future of our civilisation.

SIR E. B.: Allen, you are hopeless. It is your business to make things as difficult as you can for me, and I do not therefore quarrel with the clever way in which you side-track my case. I hate the agitator whether from the right or from the left, but I rejoice in his freedom. Free, he is harmless, with the English. You with your monopoly are suppressing him from the ether.

LORD A.: No. No. No.

SIR E. B.: And the results, in time to come, will be as disastrous as would have been the results of the denial of free speech or the liberty of the press in the past. I like Communism very much less than you do, and on sex I am an antiquated Victorian. But my Victorianism or my John Hampdenism, bred perhaps in my nonconformist bones, remembering with bitterness the various B.B.C.'s of the past with their Five Mile Acts and what-not, gives to me a conception of the quality of liberty, of which the modern narrow mind is utterly incapable. I hug the hope that England may once again become the land of the free—a pretty poor and pretty distant hope—and in England, being a bit of a flag-wagger, I am bold enough to include the ether.

LORD A.: And so do I, and so does the B.B.C.

SIR E. B.: But I suppose we must now conclude this discussion. The B.B.C. is ten years old today, and nobody wishes it many happy returns more heartily or more sincerely than I do; but it will not last another ten years unless it faces up to some of the bigger questions that I have ventured to indicate. It has had a very successful ten years, and is perhaps the brightest and best and least objectionable of all the many follies of that period. It has thrived in a world where the individual, his brain his conscience and his soul, have been rated lower than at any time in human experience—a world of conferences, committees, quotas, rationalisation schemes, yo-yo and crossword puzzles, a world tired out with war, and an easy victim to any silly fashion that comes along. The world in the next ten years will be a much more serious place, and there will be more inclination to discuss serious questions and to discuss them seriously.

LORD A.: Surely, Sir Ernest, there at last we are agreed. You are absolutely right in saying that the world in the next ten years is going to be a place in which men think more seriously than ever before. But if that is true, it is just because our B.B.C. has helped them to do so. It has taught us to seek truth from *every* quarter, and to express it tolerantly. We have recently been told that if civilisation is destroyed by another war, it will be in the air. But curiously enough it will also be through the air that reason may have some chance of coming to the rescue of mankind.

A Recovered Saga?

The Men of Ness. By Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

AS I READ this book I had a feeling of bewilderment. Could Mr. Linklater have discovered a lost saga—a continuation of the famous story of Ragnar Lodbrok? For here was exactly the familiar saga-tone, the brevity, the broad humour, the characters hinted, but not wearisomely analysed, the heroes' habit of saying a quarter of what they meant. I recognised some of the pithy Icelandic proverbs—'But a little while are hands fain of fighting', 'They live long who are slain with words', 'Bare is the back without brother behind'—the common property of the old saga-men. The incidents, too, were of the right sort. Men raided a home and carried off the treasures of the dead; whereupon the corpses came out of the home and 'fode' the dwelling of the raiders till the booty was regained; that is a common motif in the tales. Geira, the wife of Gauk, when dying, tells him that if he marries again she will 'walk' and haunt him. He does marry again, and she does walk; and a 'wrestle follows' precisely as in the unforgettable tale of Gretti and Glam. The Gretti of this episode is a youth named Kol; he kills the 'afterganger', but before she dies the moon shines upon her face, and she tells him he will fear the moonlight so long as he lives. Ever after, the 'war-fetter' seizes Kol when the moon shines, and his strength runs out of him like water. Something very like this happens to Gretti.

But as I read further, when Ragnar has died laughing in the den of snakes, and is, in the saga-man's phrase, 'out of the story', I begin to wonder. There are many names of which I have never heard, amid many I know very well. There is a tale of the way in which Earl Sigurd cheated the Scottish chief Melbricta—'Toothy'; that is in *Jarla Saga*, and I have seen it before. There is much, too, about King Harald of Norway, and his vow never to shear his hair till he has rooted out the Vikings; that, too, is

common history. But there is much besides—the double interlocked plot of a woman's long-delayed vengeance and of a wise 'sit-by-the-fire' who accomplishes more by placid sagacity than the wildest warriors achieve by the sword. The vengeance is taken upon Ivar, Ragnar's son, the slayer of St. Edmund and the enemy of King Alfred—as historical as either. But I had an idea that Ivar, unlike most Norse heroes, died a 'straw-death', in his bed. Mr. Linklater informs us that he was slain by two of his nephews.

Again, there is a description of a voyage, through frightful perils from wave and skerry, which fills sixty pages. There are things in it very like what is recorded of Thorgisl's voyage to Greenland. But, though very powerful, it is much more diffuse than any saga I have seen. The old stories generally content themselves with two or three sentences, 'They had fair weather', or, 'They were sore tossed on that journey'.

I am, then, driven to the conclusion that Mr. Linklater is 'having us on'. This is not a lost saga 'picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days', but a story made up to look like one. Look like one it certainly does. And, as I am fond of the saga-style, I like this book.

E. E. KELLETT

The 'Men of the Trees' Calendar for 1933 is more of an international affair than usual, and the twelve photogravure plates show some very fine examples of tree growth in California, Palestine, New Zealand and Australia, as well as the less sensational, but equally beautiful, landscapes of England and Scotland. Copies can be obtained from the Calendar Secretary, 'The Men of the Trees', 54 Upper Cheyne Row, S.W.3, at the extremely reasonable price of 5s. each, or 48s. a dozen.

Film Photography

Some outstanding examples of fine photography in film-making taken from the Exhibition of Kinematography arranged by the Royal Photographic Society, at 35 Russell Square. The Exhibition, to which admission is free, will remain open till December 10



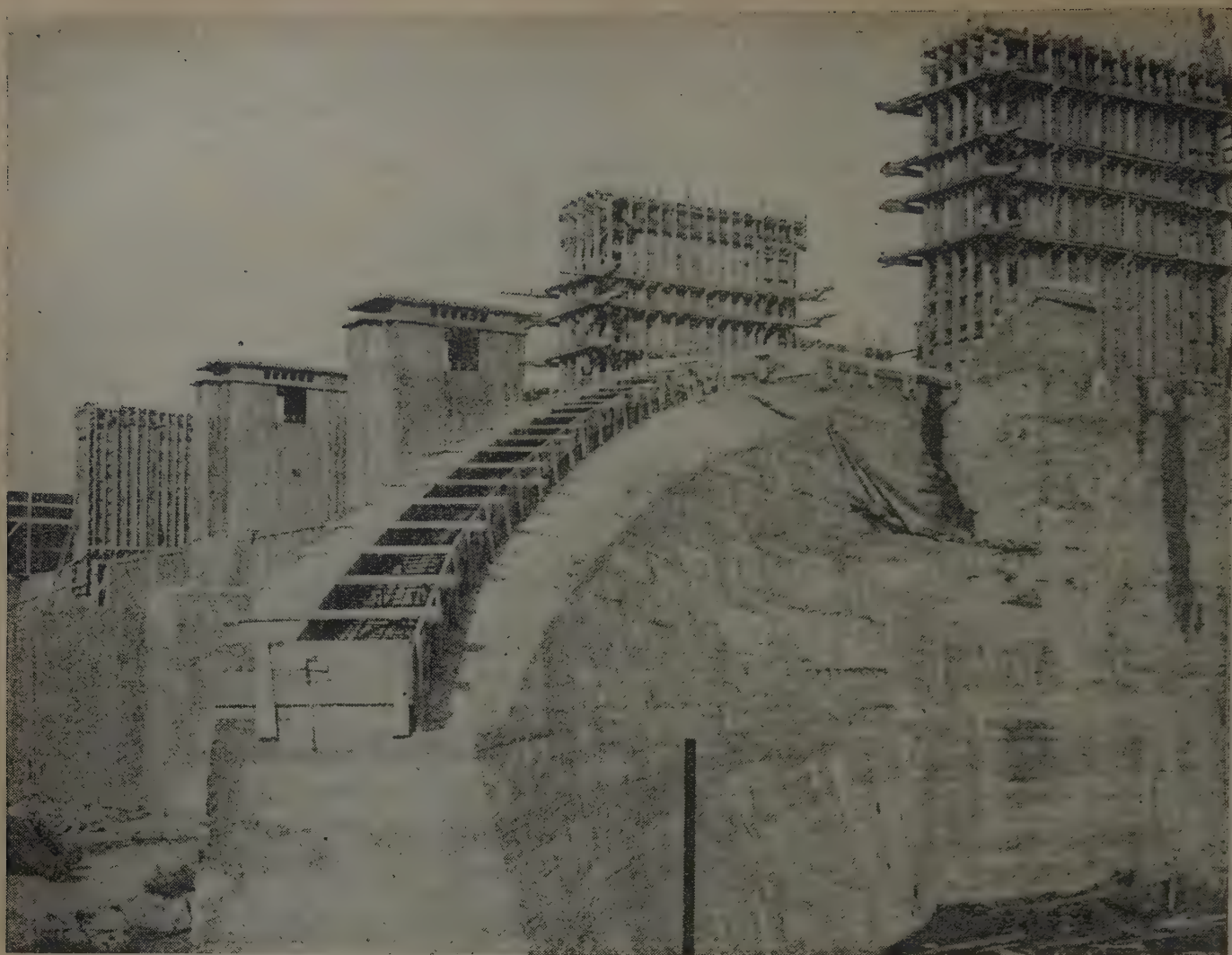
From the British submarine film 'Men Like These'

British International Picture



Algae and Water Bubbles from 'The Story of a Glass of Water' one of the 'Secrets of Nature' series of films. The still shows water in a reservoir undergoing purification by the introduction of algae which consume harmful bacteria

British Instructional Films



Part of the great barrage from the Dutch film 'Zuyderzee Works'

Joris Ivens



From the film 'Die Dreigroschenoper', the German version of 'The Beggar's Opera'

Warner Bros.



From the Czechoslovakian film 'St. Wenceslas'

Elektafilm and Mileniumfilm

To an Unnamed Listener

To an Old Public School Friend

By the Rt. Hon. LORD PONSONBY

YOU and I were at school together. It's some time ago now, but I remember you well. You were never very high up in the school, but you were in the eleven, good looking and very popular. In fact, you were a bit of a god. I thought so. I recollect the way you used to talk about the bounders and the scugs. I think you were right about the bounders, but you were wrong about the scugs. You remember the chap we used to call The Squirt—you said he didn't wash and that he loafed instead of playing games and his clothes were the limit—well, you know, now his is one of the biggest names in the country. For you and me in those days the world outside was divided into gentlemen and cads. We sometimes thought that a few cads had got into the school by mistake, but, of course, if they had some money that made all the difference. We wouldn't have called a shopkeeper a cad to his face, but we thought he was one all the same, because he wasn't a gentleman, and of course all the riff-raff that swarmed about in the streets was composed of cads. We never stopped to think what they were doing. I don't believe you know now, or ever think about it. It is quite true that we were never taught anything about that kind of thing—how what we bought and what we ate was produced, how those dirty people who were swabbing and carrying and hauling or were in workshops and in factories and in mines were living. We took it as a matter of course that they should minister to our needs and our comforts. It was nuisance enough for us to have to translate Virgil and learn about the Peace of Utrecht and the Pragmatic Sanction. Do you remember the Pragmatic Sanction? You got a hundred lines for making jokes about it. I daresay you have forgotten. I don't remember anything about the Pragmatic Sanction myself. I am not sure I ever understood what it was. I wish to goodness that the time we occupied with that sort of thing had been devoted to something better worth knowing. It would have been an advantage to both of us.

You were very generous. I remember that very well, because I shall never forget the face of the cripple when you went up to him and said 'poor old devil', and gave him ten bob. I lost sight of you after we left school. I believe you went into the Army for a while, but you probably found it was too much fag to take soldiering seriously, and then you inherited some money and a place, so you hadn't got to bother about earning anything. I met old Robert, who told me he stayed with you, and everything was done slap up—the most comfortable house he had ever stayed in, the food tip-top, some port which was worth a journey to drink, and the most beautiful things in the house; and that wasn't all he said—you were a model landlord; all your cottages were in apple-pie order; you paid good wages; you distributed coals at Christmas and jolly little red waistcoats for the small boys and capes for the little girls; and they all bowed and curtsied, and there wasn't a grumble to be heard anywhere. He said, too, that you had become a keen politician. But I knew that already by the letters you have written to me from time to time—letters which show me that you've never really grown up since we were at school together. You have just drifted into the rut prepared for you. But as you are president of so many associations for Imperialism and anti-Socialism, and either scoff at or attack the working men on your county council (and I heard of the fuss you made at a working woman being put on your bench), I know pretty well where you stand, and, do you know, I slipped one night into the audience of a by-election meeting where I saw you were billed to speak. You were great, very taking, good-natured and amusing, and the audience, composed chiefly (you will excuse my saying so) of your dupes, cheered you to the echo: only that handful of dirty Socialists at the back of the hall interrupted.

You are a tremendous believer in patronage and charity.

Keep the working class as comfortable as you can, teach them about the Empire, but don't waste money on their education: they do their jobs better if they are not too much educated. Education makes them discontented. That is more or less your creed. You have no conception that there is such a thing as social injustice, and that it is justice that the workers are after. You don't understand that the difference of class is only based on a difference of money, and that much money is inherited or gained by speculation rather than earned. You seem to forget that most of our great national inheritance in art, literature, science, music, painting, is the accomplishment of men and women of humble origin and not of your class, and now that politics is open to them it is going to be the same thing there.

What beats me is that you, who are generous and fair-minded, should be more concerned in retaining your power and your position than in giving a full and fair chance to the great mass of your fellow-countrymen: in fact, that you should constantly do all you can to prevent them from organising, that you should thwart them when they try to act and that you should oppose as strongly as you can any advance towards a system of society which, while it might deprive you of your privileges, would allow something like an equal opportunity for everyone.

I could understand your wanting special advantages for an aristocracy of blood, an aristocracy of brains, an aristocracy of morals (or perhaps of brawn), but a plutocracy—the domination of money—what on earth can attract you in that? That is what we have got now—not ability, not morality, not birth, but money; money is the key

to everything. And because nearly nine-tenths of the population have not got enough, they are obliged to suffer for it.

You and I were not brought up in a couple of rooms, crowded in with our family without decency or comfort; you and I have not had to walk the streets looking for a job and uncertain about our next meal; you and I have not had to toil and drudge at unpleasant work because there was no alternative; you and I have not been deprived of facilities for education, but private school, public school, university, have been open to us, because our parents could afford them. You and I have had every conceivable advantage that can be open to men in a modern civilised state. Then why, in heaven's name, instead of jealously reserving those advantages for your children and for your class, don't you place whatever powers and capacities you have at the service of your fellow-countrymen, so that they may be given something more nearly approaching the advantages and opportunities you and I have had? You were ready enough in 1914 to die for your country. Why on earth can't you try to live for your country now? I don't want you to sell your house and go about in rags. That won't do anyone any good. But I do ask you to use your influence, great as it no doubt is, to prevent your class from exploiting the mass of the people, from living (as many of them do) in idleness and luxury on the toil of others, deliberately depriving them of advantages which are their due, and demanding in all sorts of subtle and insidious ways their obedience and submission. Believe me, if 95 per cent. of those brought up as you and I have been continue to do this, there will be trouble, and in these days no man can foresee what form that trouble will take.

Come off your little pedestal. Come down and help: you are wanted, and you will be warmly welcomed—not with the applause of subservient minions, but with the sincere greetings of fellow-workers and of friends.

Lord Ponsonby's talk 'To an Unnamed Listener' having aroused considerable interest and some controversy among listeners, Lord Peel's vigorous broadcast in reply (which was given last Monday) will be published in full in our next issue.

Light

*Pipe-line for light through a world without eyes,
Dark here, peach-rough with darkness, the cylinder
Stops a smooth crowd of light exploring.*

*Out of a room, a cone, a sun (I do not know),
Exciting light crowds in the hollow mouth,
Presses farther, falters, is lost in the dark.*

*His light, why of course, his light! Peel the dark,
The cylinder pierces, you'll find, the black familiar
Flesh of the world. Ravished, I stare in the steel tube;*

*Ravished, implore the light. But whether eye or sun
Shine there I cannot tell; so I lay to my heart
The tube, a blunt rifle now, and wait for the flash.*

*Who is he? Has he eyes? The wound in the world closes;
Light is a long way off; the cylinder breaks.*

What a curious disturbance, what an odd conception!

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

Art in Ancient Life—VI

Is There Any Greek Sculpture?

A Discussion between R. H. WILENSKI and Professor BERNARD ASHMOLE

R. H. WILENSKI: Now, Professor, I hear that you are good enough to let me ask you a few straight questions about Greek sculpture. My view is that no one can talk about the different styles of the celebrated Greek sculptors or about the different styles of the different periods, because there is not enough genuine Greek sculpture in existence to provide the necessary information. I say that most histories of Greek sculpture are forty-five per cent. hearsay, forty-five per cent. guesswork, and only ten per cent. fact; I say that hundreds of celebrated statues which are supposed to represent Greek sculpture are really concoctions and fakes. I say that...

BERNARD ASHMOLE: Hold on a moment, I thought these were to be questions!

R. H. W.: Well, here is a question. You would agree, wouldn't you, that when archæologists speak of Greek sculpture they mean sculpture made by Greeks, in Greece or in the Greek colonies between the end of the seventh century B.C. and the Roman conquest of Greece in the second century B.C., a period say of five hundred years? Now, during that time the Greeks produced a vast amount of sculpture, didn't they?

B. A.: Yes—and a vast amount of pottery and other works of art.

R. H. W.: Now, no red herrings! I am not speaking of pottery. I am speaking of sculpture. When Pausanias went round Greece in the second century A.D. he saw thousands of statues in the sanctuaries of the Greek temples and other places, and wrote a sort of Baedeker of Greece; but even then thousands of other statues in the round had already been destroyed or stolen by the Romans. Do any of those thousands of statues now exist in a complete state as they were then?

B. A.: Oh yes—a certain number.

R. H. W.: How many of these are original works by the celebrated Greek sculptors whose praises the historians of Greek sculpture are always dinning in our ears? How many are original statues by, say, Calamis or Myron, or Phidias, or Polyclitus, or Scopas, or Praxiteles or Lysippus? I put it to you, as barristers say, that we have not got a single one complete or semi-complete.

B. A.: I, personally, believe that the *Hermes of Olympia* is an original by Praxiteles, but I must admit that many people question it.

R. H. W.: One doubtful incomplete statue by Praxiteles is all you can produce! Now what would you say to a man who wrote a history of Venetian painting and admitted that he had never seen a single work by John Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese or Tintoretto, and only one doubtful half picture by Tiepolo?

B. A.: That's hardly an analogy. If you had hundreds of small paintings and parts of larger ones found in Venice in circumstances which proved them Venetian of the two centuries in question—not paintings of first quality but good average work; if you had in addition one or two of grander style, which therefore you assumed were by great masters; if in addition to that you had thousands of copies—pictures which you could reasonably guess to be copies of the lost paintings by the masters, these copies having been made three hundred years later by painters still working in the unbroken Venetian tradition—then I say you would know a good deal about Venetian painting of the period in question.

R. H. W.: I decline to accept your copies as good copies or as copies at all. How can you call a copy 'good' when you have not seen the original? And in any case, to return to the Greeks, what you call copies are always marbles, and I believe I am right in saying that all the famous Greek sculptors were workers in bronze and not in marble?

B. A.: That is so. But all you are saying is that we cannot put names on the Græco-Roman statues. Names do not really matter very much. There exists a mass of real Greek art, from which you can get a tremendous amount of æsthetic pleasure.

R. H. W.: It is not your business as an archæologist to talk about æsthetic pleasure. Your business is to tell us *facts* . . . to tell us what the objects *are*, not what you regard as their æsthetic merit.

B. A.: I do not admit that. The æsthetic qualities of a work of art are the best evidences of what it is. The archæologist must be a judge of æsthetic quality as well as a collector of facts.

R. H. W.: Well, let's get back to the facts. What I want to find out is this: exactly how many statues now exist which were made in Greece or the Greek colonies in those five hundred years of what we call Greek civilisation? You admit that there are practically none by the celebrated names. How many are there which you would swear in a court of law are the genuine work of some Greek sculptor, though you do not know his name? I will accept as genuine any statue discovered in a reputable Government dig in a particular place; and any statue found elsewhere for which you can produce the full history of who dug it up and when and where, whom it was sold to, and what has been done to it since the time it was dug up.

B. A.: I don't admit that those are the only valid tests. But I will accept them for the moment.

R. H. W.: Thank you. By those law courts tests, then, how many complete statues by *any* certainly Greek sculptors are there now in the world? I am not speaking of architectural sculpture but of complete figures in the round.

B. A.: Complete to the last eyelash?

R. H. W.: I don't mind a missing eyelash, but I must have a head and two arms and two hands and two legs and two feet as well as a torso. How many such figures are there? Can you produce any?

B. A.: Yes, half-a-dozen or so.

R. H. W.: Now let us take *incomplete* statues in the round by unknown Greek sculptors. How many of those are there? I don't mean just fragments, but torsos which have a head, or at least one leg or arm. How many of these are there which you would swear by the law court test are wholly the work of Greeks?

B. A.: I should say off-hand between a hundred and a hundred and fifty. There are about thirty, for example, which were dug up in Athens on the Acropolis, including the series which are sometimes called the Aunts.

R. H. W.: I see. What it comes to

is this. The Greeks for five hundred years produced a vast quantity of statues in the round; you can produce one possibly original complete statue by a master, six complete figures by unknown sculptors, a group of thirty genuine semi-complete figures representing one type of work, and for the whole of the rest only about a hundred genuine semi-complete figures by unknown artists. And on the strength of this you say that you can talk about the different styles of the masters and the different styles of all the different periods, and write a history of Greek sculpture for these five hundred years?

B. A.: Pardon me. I say no such thing. There are plenty more which it is reasonably certain are Greek. You may not feel able to admit them, but I am prepared to do so.

R. H. W.: You mean fragments without pedigree?

B. A.: Oh, there are hundreds of fragments, and a great many heads too. But I want to meet your objections fairly, and I am talking of semi-complete figures. I don't attach the importance which you do to pedigree. I don't think pedigree is a supreme test because we have had, over and over again, pieces of sculpture turning up with the best possible pedigrees—and yet which turn out to be forgeries.

R. H. W.: Yes, but it is one thing to swear that a thing isn't Greek and another and much more difficult thing to swear that it is.

B. A.: It is difficult but not impossible. We have a great deal of architectural sculpture which we can date with certainty, and hundreds of original Greek non-architectural reliefs,



Diomedes with the Palladium (formerly in the Lansdowne Collection)—one of the concoctions attacked by Mr. Wilenski; the head and arms have no real connection with the torso

From 'The Meaning of Modern Sculpture' by R. H. Wilenski (Faber)

authenticated by your law court tests. Then I suppose you don't demand that your works of art shall all be life-size or over if they're to be masterpieces? You'll admit that size doesn't make any difference to quality?

R. H. W.: Yes, I'll admit that.

B. A.: Then you must allow me also the hundreds of small bronzes and ivories, many of them of the highest quality when judged by any standard. And then we've still said nothing of the innumerable terra-cottas and the engraved gems. My case is that you get a right idea of Greek art from these things, and that the chances are that what we have not got is like what we have. By studying those that we have, we get standards on which we can work. If you put an object among a number of other objects which can be proved to be Greek, and it is exactly like them, surely you are getting very near to proving it to be Greek? Here is an example of what I mean. I went into a shop the other day and on a high shelf saw a marble lamp with a head in relief on it. There was no doubt in my mind that that was Greek of the seventh century, and, moreover, I could probably put it down to the place in which it was made, because there were several other things of that kind found in a certain district. That lamp had no pedigree, but I would have gone to the stake for that as being a Greek original simply on judgment.

R. H. W.: You mean that you look at an object and if in your expert judgment it looks like something which is authenticated, you call it genuine and Greek?

B. A.: Yes, provided it is æsthetically of the right quality. I decide in the same way that you decide when you judge whether a picture is by Reynolds or not. You go not by the pedigree, but by the style.

R. H. W.: But my point is that the case is not comparable, because we have hundreds of authenticated pictures by Reynolds with which to compare the doubtful one. You have only got oddments on which you base your standards for a huge production over hundreds of years. All histories of Greek sculpture should begin by saying that what remains only represents say two per cent. of the Greek production, and that the missing ninety-eight per cent. probably includes fifty types of Greek sculpture of which you know absolutely nothing.

B. A.: But have you any court of law evidence to show that the finds we have made are not representative? After all, they are things taken from many different Greek sites. I am going on the law of averages. If this room were destroyed at this moment and we took six objects out of it, we should probably get representative objects. I am talking now of the sort of objects that you find in a dig. If the place has been destroyed suddenly, the chances are that when you come to dig up the remains, the objects you find there are representative of all the objects that were there before. But I will make one modification of that, and that is, that there is a tendency not to get the precious things because they have been stolen before the site was thoroughly buried, and that is why, of course, there are practically no bronze statues at all left. And unless you bear this in mind you are likely to get a very wrong impression. I think you will find that in most histories of sculpture that is mentioned.

R. H. W.: Yes, in some corner or a footnote.

B. A.: I think you must agree that some of these books are written not for the layman, but for the person who is supposed to know something about the destruction of ancient sites.

R. H. W.: You mean that they are written for people who are supposed to be able to separate the guesswork from the facts.

B. A.: I don't call it guesswork. I call it reasonable supposition.

R. H. W.: We must agree to differ on that point. Now let us talk about the objects themselves. I say, as you know, in my book that there are a great many statues in museums which are called Greek, but which really are concoctions of new and old pieces stuck together; and that there are others which are completely fakes.

B. A.: You are right to the extent that most museums have

as a nucleus an old collection which has a number of over-restored pieces and some fakes in it, and I think you will find that they are now being weeded out. In the British Museum, for instance, the really Greek things are being grouped together apart from the others. But of course I draw a distinction between genuine restoration of a broken statue and a deliberate fake. In your book you talk about the 'Victory from Samothrace' in the Louvre. You say that the torso alone consists of a hundred and eighteen pieces, and that the rest of it is also made up of a number of pieces. That is quite true; but it does not make the statue a fake.

R. H. W.: I do not call it a fake. I call it a 'concoction'; I say that the statue is not an antique Greek work of art, but a nineteenth century French work of art, because it was made by the restorers of the Louvre in 1863.

B. A.: But the pieces out of which it was made were ancient Greek. It is an antique statue. The main masses are correct.

R. H. W.: No, Sir, they are not correct.

This is really a very good test case for the whole thing. What happened was this. About a hundred and thirty pieces of a statue were found in Samothrace in 1863. The pieces were taken to Paris and made into a statue in the Louvre. When all the pieces had been used up, with bits stuck in to join them together, the French restorers added the left half of the breast and the right wing in plaster, and that is how we see it in the Louvre to-day. Twenty years later the fragment of a galley arrived in Paris, it is said from the same place, and they stuck the concocted figure on the top of it. My case is that the nineteenth century French sculptors had no idea of what the figure had looked like when it was first made.

B. A.: They had exactly the same idea that you and I have when we put a jigsaw puzzle together.

R. H. W.: No. The things are not comparable. To get something comparable you must take a marble pyramid, break it into one hundred and seventy pieces, shake the pieces in a bag until the edges are all well chipped, throw away forty pieces at random, give the remaining one hundred and thirty pieces to a sculptor and tell him they are part of a geometric figure.

B. A.: My answer to that is that he would produce a thing which would be quite easily recognised as a pyramid.

R. H. W.: Yes, but there are pyramids and pyramids; my point is that the measurements of this concocted pyramid would not be the measurements of the original pyramid; and



Left: Ivory statuette of priest dedicated at the foundation of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus c. 700 B.C.—now in Constantinople. Right: Bronze statuette of athlete—Greek work of the first half of the fifth century B.C., from Aderno, Sicily—now in Syracuse. The illustrations on these two pages show the contrast between the eighteenth and twentieth century attitudes towards Greek art. The eighteenth century had a fondness for Roman copies which were freely worked over and restored to make the subjects interesting. Mr. Wilenski claims that the eighteenth-century attitude still survives; Professor Ashmole that it has been superseded by scientific study of the copies and of the many smaller originals such as the ivory and bronze statuettes illustrated above

Athlete from 'Frühgriechische Bildhauerschulen' by E. Langlotz (Ernst Frommann & Son, Nuremberg)

that if you did the same thing fifty times, you would get fifty different pyramids, and none of them would be exactly the original. You must remember that these hundred and seventy pieces of the 'Victory from Samothrace' had been knocking about in the earth for hundreds of years.

B. A.: What do you mean—knocking about? They were lying perfectly still.

R. H. W.: A hit, Sir, a palpable hit. But even so, you will agree that there were pieces missing and that many of the pieces were inevitably chipped. You can't imagine absolutely clean breaks all round in the hundred and thirty or fifty or seventy pieces. My case is that if you have one piece missing from the *inside* or one piece chipped, you cannot get the contours exactly right, and unless you have the contours exactly right you cannot get at the æsthetic character of the work at all, and you cannot talk of it as the original subject.

B. A.: You mean that all the beauty has been thrown away with the forty missing pieces and does not remain with the hundred and thirty that are preserved? I claim that you can judge it æsthetically on what is left.

R. H. W.: No. A work of sculpture is one piece. It is not either forty pieces or one hundred and thirty pieces, and the one piece is either right or wrong.

B. A.: I think it is right so far as it goes, and that there is beauty in the parts as there is in the whole. You can, in fact, judge the beauty of the whole to some extent from the parts.

R. H. W.: Do you really mean to say that you *like* the 'Victory from Samothrace' as it is, and think it good?

B. A.: Yes. When you say 'as it is' you are, I suppose, 'thinking away' the plaster restorations, because I do not think that restorers should add anything to an antique statue when it is set up in a museum; but, 'thinking away' the plaster, I should say it was good.

R. H. W.: You mean that the French sculptors of 1863 who made it were good sculptors?

B. A.: No. I mean that it is a good example of Greek sculpture of the third century.

R. H. W.: I call it a nineteenth-century attempt to imitate the style of the Elgin Marbles.

B. A.: Do you mean that the Louvre restorers deliberately made the statue into a shape which they thought would be popular? That means dishonesty in the restorers.

R. H. W.: Let us not use hard words. Let me put it another way. I suggest that there has always been a tendency on the part of the reconstructors of statues to, shall we say, encourage fragments to go together in the shape which was regarded as the finest kind of Greek art at the moment? We have actual written evidence that in the eighteenth century, at any rate, all the so-called antique statues were fragments made up into complete figures of the character most admired at the time. Any parts which were really antique were worked all over, and missing heads, arms and legs were added. We know who did the work in many cases.

B. A.: That is true to some extent of the eighteenth century. But that kind of restoration has stopped nowadays. Even in 1863 no attempt was made to put on a head or arms to the 'Victory from Samothrace'.

R. H. W.: That was because the Elgin Marbles had created the taste for the incomplete statue. My point is that the eighteenth-century practice has gone on to some extent ever since. When the Elgin Marbles were much admired the discoveries that came into the market tended to be rather like them and not like the Medici Venus which people had admired before the Elgin Marbles came into favour; nowadays museums admire archaic figures and want to buy them, and they also want to buy bronzes; and the discoveries nowadays tend to be either archaic figures or else bronzes—rescued from the sea. Don't you think, Professor, that the coincidence is rather odd?

B. A.: No. You have got it wrong. What has always happened is that the things which people admired came into the market and the other things were just put on one side as of no interest or value. The books you like most are in the most accessible shelves; your set of eighteenth-century sermons, on the other hand, is tucked away at the top, in the dust, out of reach. In the same way the early excavators threw away pottery because they were interested in the things that were obviously valuable in themselves—the gold and silver objects. But we are interested in the pottery, and so it is now preserved. I think you must admit that tendency to hide and neglect the things you are not interested in. Besides, it is not physically possible to change a statue from, say, the archaic style to the Hellenistic style, or *vice versa*, in the way you suggest. There is a limit to the amount you can alter by recutting.

R. H. W.: I wonder! I think it could be done by any really able modern sculptor—Henry Moore, for example, or John Skeaping, or Maurice Lambert. I mention these because they all have special experience of carving, as distinguished from modelling—I say I think that any of these could do it quite easily.

B. A.: I really haven't discovered what it is you are so fierce about. Granted that some archæologists made mistakes and were too optimistic in thinking they could identify the work of famous sculptors, they were trying to do their best, were trying to find out something about Greek sculpture.

R. H. W.: What I am really angry about is that for hundreds of years people who have written and talked about Greek sculpture, whether it was the real thing or not, have always attempted to set up a standard of taste; they have always used the past to attack and impede the present, and not in order to explain and support it. From the time of Reynolds onwards every sculptor everywhere has been told that the Greeks achieved the final perfection in sculpture and that it was his duty to try and imitate it though he would never be able to equal it.

B. A.: I do not think that is the modern view. I think the present tendency is to judge everything—ancient and modern—on its own merits, and to find out what it is, rather than to make it what one would like it to be.

Say It in Pictures

A Historian's Scrapbook. British Institute of Adult Education. 2s. 6d.

WHEN THE medicine-man told one of our simple forbears that the cold, wet weather which was giving the flock liver-fluke was to be attributed to the fact that the medicine-man's dues had not been paid, and indeed that the sun spirit had come down to his hut and mentioned the matter, our ancestor was obliged to take this important piece of information on trust. Nor did the early natural philosopher want more than Aristotle's 'say so' in order to believe many physical notions. But we today feel a new uneasiness about taking things on trust, whether our medicine-man be clothed in the gown of the historian or in the white coat of the scientist. Now the history teacher, however honest, can in the nature of things not tell his pupils to go and look for themselves, and even the science teacher can seldom arrange that each pupil should take each step on his own initiative. Yet so much do the honest moderns feel this urge to let disciples see for themselves, that a new technique of teaching is springing up—of which *A Historian's Scrapbook*—a *Picture Gallery of Life during the Nineteenth Century* is an excellent example.

Some of the pictures will already be known to readers of THE LISTENER, but the stimulating juxtapositions will be new. Here, in the language of steel engraving or of drawing, in lines that are curt and brutal, or genteel and elegant, the nineteenth century passes before us in pictures. We see its sharp contrasts of riches and poverty, of gentle sweetness carried to the point of imbecility, of hardheartedness carried to the verge of obscenity. We see the great creative figures of science and of literature. We see the gin-palace and drawing-room, the maidens simpering in their muslins in the strictly chaperoned dancing academy, while other young girls and children crawl dragging tubs through the dripping galleries of mines. These pictures have been

selected with great skill. They show, as contemporary work will, not only the subject portrayed—a street scene on Mafeking Night or the House of Lords hearing appeals—but also the mood in which at least one Victorian artist (Dick Doyle) or the unknown commentator on the Boer War portrayed the scene. We see the clothes worn by spectators and participants, we see how they got from place to place and the things they used.

Mr. Lambert, the scrapbook's ingenious compiler, explains in a short preface that the pictures have been so chosen and arranged as to give 'first-hand glimpses of the main social factors at work in nineteenth-century Britain'. He explains why the captions have been kept so short, and why comment and contrast have been provided, not by word of mouth but by physical juxtaposition. The job of such a book is, he says, to make the onlooker think, to transfer the act of creative comprehension (the job of translating a contact with the past) from the page to the onlooker's head. It gives him an active instead of a passive role to play.

The book, which is astonishingly cheap, is issued by the British Institute of Adult Education; but while the most sophisticated would learn a great deal there, it would also certainly be enjoyed by any intelligent child over ten, in whom it would most surely awaken the sort of questions in which teachers find their best and most creative ally. We wish those publishers and editors who think it proper to illustrate history with 'historical paintings'—i.e. small reproductions of what Victorian or Edwardian artists thought the scene must (or at any rate ought to) have been—would study this modest but dynamic and authoritative book.

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

The Listener's Music

Debussy, 'Le Sacre du Printemps', and Schönberg

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

THIRTEEN years elapsed between the composition by Debussy of the 'Nocturnes' (1897-1899) and by Stravinsky of 'Le Sacre du Printemps' (1910-1912); and both works were performed a year after being finished. To hear them in their proper order—as the B.B.C. Symphony Concert enabled us to do on November 16—gives a good idea as to one could wish of the speed and abruptness with which things were moving in those days.

The 'Nocturnes' are as typical of all that is best and most distinctive in Debussy as the 'Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune' (first performed at the end of the year 1894) and 'Pelléas et Mélisande' (first performed in 1902). They illustrate to perfection his musical creed and methods. His main ambition, from the outset of his career, was to be a poet of nature, to transmute into music the play of waters, the whispering of breezes, and all the poetry of night and day. Any fleeting impression was good enough for him as a starting-point. For instance, the first 'Nocturne' was inspired, he told a friend, by the sight, from the Pont-Neuf in Paris, of storm-clouds moving through the skies, and the tooting of a passing steam-boat's siren (which suggested the brief chromatic motif in the cor anglais); and the second by the memory of popular levels in the Bois de Boulogne—the muted trumpets in the Trio originating in the retreat sounded by the band of the Garde Républicaine. Even so, it was not in the least the subject that mattered in his mind, but only the captured moods, the quality of the music expressing them in all their simplicity and freshness. He described the 'Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune' as aiming 'merely at suggesting the various settings of the Faun's dreams and yearnings'. And he declared that the 'Nocturnes' were thus named 'solely on account of the special impressions and conditions of light which the word implied'.

He held that often music is too ambitious, and ambitious in wrong directions. 'Music should humbly seek to please, should appeal to the senses, and provide us with immediate enjoyment, impressing us or insinuating itself into us without any effort on our part'. And accordingly he gave us schemes of soft shimmering lights and pellucid shades, allusions or quiet statements, without insistence or attempts to expatiate. Not only, of course,

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;

but always music extraordinarily restrained and refined—even in the most joyous climaxes of 'Fêtes', even when, in 'Pelléas et Mélisande', the utmost depths of tragedy are reached.

And in those days, although impressionism, naturally, was only one of many conflicting tendencies, it stood out as the new development which seemed to point to the immediate future of music—a future all in the direction actually taken by Debussy. There is no room here, nor real need, to explain why neither Strauss nor Bruckner nor Mahler, nor the 'nationalists' of Russia and other countries, nor, in France, d'Indy and his school, seemed to foretoken a future. And Ravel (so different from Debussy, although few people realised it then) must, again for reasons of space, be left out of the picture. The fact was that one could see Debussy's influence steadily gaining ground. And some people were beginning to wonder, rightly or wrongly, whether music, in consequence, was not in danger of losing, at least for a time, part of its capacity as a vehicle for epic ideas (Sir Henry Hadow's expression).

Then Stravinsky appeared: first with 'The Fire Bird' and 'Petrushka', which placed him in the foremost rank of his contemporaries, but contained no disturbingly novel elements, and shortly afterwards with 'Le Sacre du Printemps', which brought the revelation of an art as distant from Debussy's in its principles and in its workings as the planet Neptune is from the earth.

Two points are common to 'Le Sacre' and to any typical work of Debussy's, and only two: the music does not achieve its purpose by inviting a direct, active co-operation (conscious or not) of the mind; and it appeals very directly to the senses.

Carried further, the comparison yields nothing but contrasts. Debussy aims at expressing his own experiences and imaginings as a sensitive man, Stravinsky only his experiences and imaginings as a music-maker. 'The germ of "Le Sacre"', he is reported to have said, 'is a theme which occurred to me after I had finished the "Fire Bird"'. This theme being brutal and violent in character, I based the working-out of it upon the images which it evoked—images of prehistoric Russia. But the idea came from the music, not the music from the idea'. The difference between this statement and Debussy's as to the origin of his 'Nocturnes' is extremely characteristic.

Debussy relies mainly on melody and colour. His very harmonies are colour-begetting rather than dynamic. Stravinsky never uses tone-colour for its own sake; his music is, first and last, one of lines and patterns and motion, of accents as hard and definite as Debussy's were soft and elusive. We may safely describe Debussy as a poet and dreamer, but Stravinsky remains undefinable. It is possible to say that he is robust, self-possessed, calculating, unbending, versatile, restless, and no less interested in the medium he works in than Debussy, but as ruthless in his handling of it as Debussy was temperate; but we can go on piling up epithets of this kind without ever getting any closer to the heart of the matter.

He certainly is the very reverse of an impressionist, in practice as well as in theory. Debussy's music affects the senses by appealing to them, by 'insinuating itself into us'. Stravinsky drives and coerces where Debussy coaxes and gently persuades. Debussy is always afraid of going too far in the suggestion of emotion or in the quest for musical effects. Stravinsky exhausts the possibilities of physical appeal. He taxes the listeners' endurance to the utmost, but somehow manages to stop short of the point beyond which their benumbed senses might cease to react. So far as impressionism implies a direct appeal to the senses, 'Le Sacre' defeated impressionism on its own ground.

And meanwhile, strange to say, another reaction had already set in with the coming of Schönberg: not the Schönberg of the romantic, over-ripe 'Gurre-Lieder' or 'Verklärte Nacht', but the Schönberg of the cryptic piano-pieces, Op. 13, which appeared in 1911. That selfsame year, his Austrian commentators, first in the field, called attention to the fact that his music was inspired by 'a surfeit of all things external and physical', and intended to speak to the inner ear only, not to the actual sense of hearing or any other.

And so music came which overlooked the senses altogether, and, when it did not leave them utterly unaffected, could irritate them so cruelly as to provoke their rebellion instead of compelling their co-operation, as Stravinsky had done in 'Le Sacre'. Or, if the appeal to the sensuous imagination happened to be there—as often occurs in Schönberg's 'Five Orchestral Pieces', Op. 16, for instance—it was in a form so sublimated that it still could be considered 'abstract': or (to use other metaphors) it gave us light without heat, instead of the warm, tender glow of Debussy or the scorching fire of Stravinsky's 'Sacre'.

A remarkable fact is that in two of these three instances music did not continue in the same direction. Much that was Debussy's own has passed into the current idiom of the art, but he remains alone of his kind. Stravinsky never gave us another work in the same vein as 'Le Sacre'. Others have imitated its idiosyncrasies, but transparently enough to give themselves away. As regards Schönberg, the time has not come to draw conclusions. He is continuing his way and has attracted disciples whose course runs parallel to his own, or almost. He exercises a fairly general influence upon the evolution of the musical idiom. And this nobody would have dreamt of foretelling in 1911, any more than, in the heyday of impressionism, the ultimate historical position of Debussy, or, in 1913, the further evolution of Stravinsky.

The price of J. S. Elder's *Book of Adventure Stories* (Blackie) is 1s., and not 8s., as announced in our issue of November 9.

Out of Doors

Adapting the Land to Livestock

By A. J. HOSIER

JUST after the War, about twelve years ago, I came to the conclusion that to continue to grow cereals or hay for sale would be hopeless, and that my only hope lay in using my large arable farm to grow food for stock, that is dairy cattle and poultry chiefly. I determined to make dairying and poultry my sheet anchor. To some of my friends this seemed an impossible proposition with a poor arable farm; unfenced, unwatered, and without adequate buildings.

My system was to lay the land down to temporary grass in sections; so that I could use the temporary leys for my cows and poultry for several years, and then after it had rested from corn growing, and became enriched and fertilised, I would again break up the land and cash the fertility. I could do this, either by growing forage crops for cows, cereals for sale, or to feed my stock. After I had fenced and watered the land, I devised a method of milking cows out in the pastures winter and summer, without the aid of buildings. This proved a good method, as it enabled me to make my hay and ensilage stacks in the fields where the crops grew. I take the cows to the food, and they consume it on the spot—this saves the usual cost of carting hay to the homestead in winter, and the manure back to the fields. I am working somewhat on the same lines with the poultry, keeping them on the folding system in combined houses and runs. These houses had to be designed in such a way that cattle would graze amongst them without doing any damage. The hens lay better in these small units, and there is no cleaning out. A man and boy can look after 4,000 birds in 160 of these houses, which are moved on to clean ground every day.

If I were looking for a block of land for stock farming, I would choose arable land which could be adapted to grow corn or grass, and I would work a rotation of four or five years to temporary pasture; and then plough out for two or three years. While the land was under grass, I should use it for my poultry folding pens and open-air dairying. The cows and hens would consume large quantities of feeding stuffs, some of which would be home grown, on the arable part of my farm. When the temporary pastures have been ploughed out, they have become fertilised and rested from cereals; and are therefore in good form for growing two or three good crops cheaply; and cashing the fertility. If we plough out the grass land at intervals, there is less likelihood of disease among stock.

By turning arable farms over to livestock, and working on this

roadmaking, or fencing. It often happens that this extra outlay makes the farm pay, whereas it had been making a loss before. Farmers will have to change their methods to meet changed conditions—the motor-car manufacturers had to do the same thing. Most arable land in England can be adapted to livestock. The difficulty is not so much with the land itself as with the farmer. Where a man has been farming on a particular system for a good many years, he finds it very hard to change over to some



The farmer has no eight-hour day, and may even, as this unusual photograph indicates, plough his land during the night

other system, and indeed, a large percentage would rather give up than change. It takes a certain amount of vision and pluck for a man to change over from corn-growing to dairying. With corn-growing, his day's work begins at 7 a.m., and he gets his week-ends more or less free; but with dairying, he must begin work at 5 a.m. winter and summer, weekdays and Sundays.

I consider the quota system for wheat should be regarded only as a temporary assistance to help the farmer to change over to livestock. If it keeps going for three years, the wheat area will be doubled and the oats and barley acreage halved. Fortunately, it is now in most people's minds that agriculture has to be revived before there can be any lasting improvement in British trade; indeed, I think it is in the minds of most townspeople that recently the Government has helped agriculture. So it has, but at the same time, in my opinion, it has in other directions definitely done harm, so that on the balance, the British farmer is much worse off than before this help was given. What I mean is that something like 80 per cent. of the industry is devoted to livestock and its commodities, such as beef, mutton, milk, bacon and eggs, etc. All the foreign grain and feeding stuffs, machinery, and other commodities which the farmer has to buy, have to pay an import duty. This materially increases his costs, but the majority of the commodities he has to sell are unprotected.

If the livestock industry is to thrive, farmers must be given a fair chance. I would like to see a reasonable tariff on foreign meat, and if necessary give the proceeds to our industry in the form of a deficiency payment. Let us have all the foreign grain and feeding stuffs as cheaply as possible in order to produce livestock and its commodities cheaply. What does it matter if the foreigner gives us the grain? It will help us to produce cheap eggs and bacon. There is no

reason why we cannot produce all the poultry, eggs and pig products we require. These items alone cost us £80,000,000 annually. We have the man-power, and the men are spoiling for a job.

Although I grow a considerable acreage of wheat, I should like to see the quota system abandoned, and the money put up by taxpayers used instead to stimulate small holdings. There would be eight or ten times the increase in production on small holdings, but with the present quota system, there will be no



Milking in the pastures on the author's farm. The milk flowing into the churns has just been cooled in the vacuum

system, it is possible to get an output of £20 to £40 per acre. I have an output of £40 per acre on land which was producing nothing when I purchased it twelve years ago; and today, the adjoining land, beyond my boundary, is still producing nothing. Some farmers may object that it is impossible to fence and water large tracts of arable land with their present impoverished exchequer. But capital can always be obtained by long term credit schemes, at a reasonable interest on outlay, for laying on water,

extra production, because the farmer will grow more wheat, and less oats and barley. I wonder why the National Government singled out wheat for special treatment? Why does it subsidise 95 per cent. of our foodstuffs and forget the 5 per cent? Most of the British wheat is used for feeding poultry and other stock, because millers say it is unsuitable for bread, and can be used only by mixing with Dominion flour. If Dominion wheat is superior, why do we subsidise wheat-growers here? Great Britain can produce the finest livestock in the world, but her climate is not well suited for wheat. Sir Rowland Biffen, in his recent broadcast, asked two questions: First, is England a wheat-growing country? To which I would answer, no, because she does not grow wheat good enough for making bread. Second, is Canada a wheat-growing country? I would say, yes, because her wheat is suitable and preferred for making bread. Therefore, why not let our Dominions send us wheat from their broad open spaces and ideal climate? I have heard that wheat-growing is so mechanised in America that one man can manage 1,200 acres of wheat with the help of just one extra hand at harvest time. Do the British public want the farmer to farm on those lines? There would be more unemployment than at present! Bread used to form an important part of our diet, but today it is only a fraction. You cannot build up a prosperous agriculture on wheat-growing, either can you establish small holdings with a wheat quota; but you can with a livestock, fruit and vegetable-growing policy. Men will be brought out of the towns and off the dole if prosperous small holdings are developed.

Britain is in a unique position, in so much that she is not producing any food commodity which is surplus to consumption. Farmers were given a fair chance and the right stimulus they could soon more than double the value produced from the land. Instead of growing bare essentials, we should concentrate on perishable products. Wheat will always be grown by the livestock farmer because he must have straw for thatching and for cattle, but he does not want wheat to be a high price, because that would mean dear feeding stuffs, and would raise his production costs.

If I were made Dictator, the first thing I would tackle would be the small holdings question, especially in relation to our big towns. I can see that the process of workers drifting to the towns is wrong. It may have been right thirty years ago when we were the workshop of the world. We can never again absorb so many workers in industry. I would make available land adjacent to every town, and it would be planned as carefully as the town itself. One section would be set aside for fruit and vegetable growing, with a canning factory to take all surplus; another

section for pigs and poultry, with its bacon factory and egg-packing station; a further section for dairying with its milk depot to handle the milk and manufacture the surplus. If a man has a stake in the land, he can be depended on to support agriculture instead of being a restless and discontented revolutionary. He will have something to work for.

If this country had a sound livestock policy, its unemployment nightmare would be solved, because agriculture can absorb nearly a million extra workers, and another 500,000 would find work indirectly in manufacturing and handling commodities, and in making and supplying equipment for farmers. Why should we spend £350,000,000 on foodstuffs every year when we have millions of acres of land derelict and millions of people out of work? Stimulate livestock production, and encourage small holdings, and bring the men and land together.

If a livestock-not-wheat policy were supported by tariffs, agriculture would soon right itself and be capable of enormous expansion: £200,000,000 worth of extra food would be grown, with a consequent reduction of the same amount in imports. I believe the time will soon come when we shall have to balance our foreign trade. We cannot keep on indefinitely buying from abroad more than we are selling. The best and easiest way is to make up the deficiency by more intensive farming methods. There are plenty of farms where the production could be doubled by keeping poultry as an extra.

Mr. Ratcliff, in his talk last week, made what was to me an extraordinary statement. He said that wheat will produce twenty times as much cattle food per acre as grass. Therefore if three acres of grass feed a cow for one year, three acres of wheat could feed her for twenty years. Surely any farmer knows that to be impossible. Again, he says that wheat-growing will absorb ten times as much labour. How far that may be true where a farmer digs his land with a spade, hoes his wheat by hand, and cuts it with a reaping hook I do not know, but an eastern counties farmer told me last week that he was farming 1,000 acres of arable land and specialising in wheat-growing with a regular staff of only four men. If this farmer had been livestock-farming with 300 dairy cows, 10,000 head of poultry and 300 or 400 pigs on his 1,000 acres, I venture to suggest that he would employ more than five times the men, and the value of his output would be six times more. It is a pity so much splendid wheat-growing land is derelict round Mr. Ratcliff's district, and I think a great service would be done if the farmers procured the services of Professor Engledow, of Cambridge University, who tells me that they have solved the problem of converting heavy clay in the eastern counties, with low rainfall, into good grassland.

The Law of the Land—VIII

The Law and the State

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

LET us first note the organs through which the State functions: King, Cabinet and Parliament. When we exercise periodically the somewhat dubious privilege of electing Members of Parliament, we choose persons who are supposed to hold, on broad issues, the views which we ourselves entertain, and who go to London for a number of years with the object of putting those views into practice. But there are a lot of them, and everyone with the slightest experience of committee work knows how impossible it is to get decisions taken if more than a very few persons have to make up their minds. From 600 Members of Parliament, decisions on anything else than broad issues of policy cannot be expected. The actual work of government must therefore be done by some other body. In theory this is done by the King; in practice, as we all know, the King acts on the advice of his Ministers, those men and women who form collectively what is called the Cabinet. It is they who take the actual decisions, which the policy of the country is to be framed. But, to ensure that their decisions will not conflict with what is supposed to be the wish of the majority of the people in the country, they depend, for their official lives, not on the King, but on the support of Parliament: and if they lose this support, they must resign. As far as the central organisation of the State is concerned, therefore, we may say that there are three component parts: the King, who is the symbol of unity; the Cabinet, responsible for decisions and government; and Parliament, which criticises and controls the work of the Cabinet and puts its decisions into legislative form. These, then, are the organs of the State. Now what is the position of the individual subject in the face of this machinery? How is he to protect himself against the encroachments of this monster which he and his friends have created? In more familiar phrase, what are the liberties of the subject, the rights of the citizen?

Parliamentary Laws Must Be Obeyed

The classical work on the English Constitution was written by Professor Dicey in 1885, nearly fifty years ago. Perhaps it will be

best to see what he said, and then to try and estimate the changes that have taken place in the succeeding years. According to Dicey, there are two main features peculiar to the English Constitution: the first he calls the Sovereignty of Parliament and the second the Rule of Law. Let us take them in turn. By the Sovereignty of Parliament, Dicey means this: that Parliament has the right to make or unmake any law whatever, and that no other body has the power to set that law aside. The doctrine has both a positive and a negative aspect: the monopoly of making laws and the absence of competition. Let us be quite sure, however, that we know what we mean by Parliament. We are so used to talking about the House of Commons that we are apt to forget that it is only one part of Parliament. If you look at the heading of any statute, you will see that it is enacted 'by the King's most Excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same'. Parliament, in fact, is a trinity, composed of the King, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. It is true that the House of Lords cannot finally reject a Bill that has passed the House of Commons and that its utmost power is to delay it for two years. It is also true that, as far as the English Parliament is concerned, the King's veto has not been used for two hundred years and in fact, though not in name, it is as dead as Queen Anne herself. But no judge would recognise legislation which was not passed by the King, Lords and Commons, and no citizen need obey it.

Interpreting Parliament in this sense, therefore, Dicey says that it can make any law it pleases. Thus it can alter the position of individual citizens: it can and has made children legitimate whose parents were unmarried. It can and has regulated the succession to the throne. His Majesty King George V owes his title to Parliamentary Legislation, and the divine right of kings vanished for ever with the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie. It can even, without any fresh mandate from the electors, prolong its own existence. It did so, in fact, during the last war. In a famous phrase, it can do anything

but make a woman a man and a man a woman, and, as far as legal status is concerned, it could achieve this strange consummation if it wished. But, though there are no legal limitations on the powers of Parliament, there are, of course, many practical limits. Even a Member of Parliament cannot remain completely impervious to public opinion. To take a familiar example, it is legally possible that Parliament should pass an Act taxing, for the benefit of English people, the inhabitants of Canada and Australia; but it is not very likely that it will do so. There is, in addition, a more direct limit upon Parliament's exercise of its undoubted powers. In practice its time is controlled by the Cabinet, and no legislation has any chance of passage unless it is a Government measure or at least initiated with its approval. The private Member, in other words, can air his views, but cannot translate them into action.

The negative aspect of Parliamentary Sovereignty lies in the absence of any competing power. We have seen in previous talks that most of our private law is created, not by Parliament, but by the judges. It is they who have decided that murder is a crime and that libel and breach of contract are wrongs. But their decisions can at any moment be overridden by Act of Parliament, while they themselves cannot disregard legislation on the ground that they do not approve of it. In the same way the actual work of realising the policy of the Government is often done, not by Act of Parliament, but by rules and orders issued by the various government departments; and the life of the citizen in his own town is regulated by municipal bye-laws. These rules and orders are, indeed, much more familiar to most of us than the inside of the Statute Book. We have neither the time nor the inclination to skim 600 pages of property legislation or annotate the 138 sections of the latest Local Government Act. But we do know the rules which forbid us to smoke in certain railway compartments, or prevent our parking our cars save in certain specified places, or insist on our building our houses or our factories upon definite lines. All of these rules we must obey: none of them emanates from an Act of Parliament. They are laid down by the railway company on whose line we travel, by the city corporation or other authority of the locality in which we live, by the Home Secretary or other minister within whose province the particular case may fall. In modern times, indeed, these regulations swarm as thick as locusts. Thus in 1931, 52 Acts of Parliament were passed and their contents cover 371 pages. In the same year the rules issued by government departments were collected in a volume containing over 2,000 closely-printed pages.

Rules are Circumscribed by Acts

This appalling mass of rules and orders seems at first sight destined to overbalance the Constitution and to impair the Sovereignty of Parliament. But, in fact, however they may emanate, they are always subordinate legislation; they can only be issued under cover of some parent Act. The Home Secretary can only prescribe rules for the conduct of a factory if Parliament has said he may do so. The railway company can only restrict your indulgence in tobacco if its Act of Incorporation permits it. Unless the regulation can be justified by reference to some such Act, it may be disregarded by the citizen and dismissed by the courts. Thus, during the War, a number of Defence of the Realm Acts were passed by Parliament, giving various government departments power to issue regulations 'for securing the public safety and the defence of the realm'. Purporting to act under these provisions, the Food Controller imposed a duty of twopence on every gallon of milk moved from one county to another. A certain Dairy Company, when its debt to the Crown under this order amounted to the sum of £15,000, refused to pay. The Court of Appeal decided that it need not do so. The duty was in fact a species of taxation. Taxation can only be imposed by Act of Parliament. The only Acts to which the Food Controller could point were the Defence of the Realm Acts. These only enabled him to issue orders so far as they were necessary to secure the defence of the realm. No one could seriously suggest that it was necessary for this purpose that twopence should be paid for each gallon of milk moved from Oxfordshire to Berkshire. The order, therefore, was not worth the paper it was written on, and the dairy company could pass on its way both wiser and richer.

Freedom of the Citizen

It would seem, therefore, despite the ever-increasing spawn of Government rules and municipal bye-laws, that Dicey's first principle is still true, and that the Sovereignty of Parliament is still unimpaired. How has it fared with his second principle, the Rule of Law? To understand what Dicey implied by this phrase, let me remind you once more that when we were discussing the law and the individual, we found that most of the rules regulating our duty towards our neighbours were based, not on any Act of Parliament, but on the decisions of the judges. In the same way, the rules of Constitutional Law, indicating the rights which subjects may enforce against the State, are the result, not of any written code, but of actual disputes in the courts in which the judges have decided in the subject's favour. Here, again, England is unique. In every other country there is a written

code, in which the rights of the citizen are definitely established. In France, for example, liberty of speech and of person are *guaranteed*, as it is said, by certain sections of the Code. In England, of course, similar rights exist; but you will not find them by looking into the statute book. There are, it is true, isolated Acts which deal with Constitutional Law, such as Magna Carta; but for the most part the rights of the citizen depend on judicial decisions.

Let me illustrate the position with an actual case. There existed in 1882 in the town of Weston-super-Mare a particularly zealous section of the Salvation Army. Such was its enthusiasm, indeed, that it aroused the hostility of certain persons who formed themselves into what they called the Skeleton Army. Whenever the Salvationists paraded, the Skeletons did the same to the great terror of all neutrals. The local magistrates therefore issued a proclamation prohibiting the Salvation Army from holding any public meetings. In defiance of the proclamation, the Salvationists held their usual parade and were duly attacked by the Skeletons. The police called on the Salvationists to disperse; the latter refused, though without using violence, and their leaders were arrested and convicted by the magistrates. The Divisional Court in London held that the conviction was illegal and that the Salvationists had done nothing wrong. They had the ordinary right of all British subjects to walk in the streets. They had used no force: it was the Skeletons whose conduct had caused the disturbance. If, then, there was nothing illegal in the Salvationists' parade, neither the improper conduct of other people nor the order of any magistrate could make it an offence.

The King Can Do No Wrong

This case illustrates another aspect of the Rule of Law, of which Dicey laid great stress. In England, he said, disputes between the State on the one hand and a private individual on the other are no different in character from a law-suit between two private persons. They are tried in the ordinary way before the ordinary courts; and the judges see that fair play is observed between the insignificant citizen and the mighty State. Compare, said Dicey, this happy condition with the miserable lot of the French citizen. If he has a dispute with his State, it must be tried, not by the ordinary judges, but in what are called administrative courts, presided over by officials who are presumably chosen to safeguard the interests of the executive. What a dramatic contrast—French tyranny and English freedom!

Unfortunately Dicey overstated his case. It was true, indeed, when he wrote, that in England, unlike France, there was no one set of courts for private litigation and another for proceedings against State officials. The same judges decided all disputes, whether between one subject and another or between a subject on the one hand and the State on the other. But, unfortunately, an old maxim severely limited the number of cases that could be brought against the State, or, as lawyers say, against the Crown. 'The King can do no wrong and cannot be sued in any Court'. The maxim is as true to-day as it was five or a hundred years ago, and it has unfortunate consequences. A private employer is, as we have seen in previous talks, responsible for any wrong which his servant has committed in the course of his employment. The Civil Service and the government departments are in law the servants of the King. If, therefore, a Civil Servant, in the course of carrying out his official duties, slanders you or trespasses on your land, you can, of course, sue him; but you cannot sue the King and obtain compensation from the Treasury. Suppose you are knocked down by a Police Office van whose driver is negligent. You can sue the driver, if you think it worth while to waste your money in doing so, but you cannot sue the Postmaster-General or any other Department of State. Postman and Postmaster-General alike are servants of the King, and the King can do no wrong and is not answerable for their misconduct. In Dicey's unhappy France you would, if knocked down in similar circumstances in Paris (a not improbable hypothesis), obtain reasonable compensation from the State by an action in the administrative courts.

Private Courts in State Disputes

Even when Dicey wrote, therefore, the lot of the English citizen, engaged in a dispute with the State, was not so happy as his complacency would suggest. But in the fifty years which have since elapsed, his position has got worse. We have already seen that, during these years, masses of statutes have been passed giving to government departments the right to make regulations binding upon all of us. In a large number of cases, any dispute which may arise upon these regulations is to be tried, not by the ordinary courts, but by persons or bodies wholly outside them. Let me give you two examples. Suppose an applicant under the Unemployment Insurance Acts is refused benefit at the local Labour Exchange. He must appeal, if at all, not to the ordinary judge but to a Court of Referees, consisting of an employer, an employee and an independent chairman, appointed by the Minister of Labour. A further appeal is permitted to an 'Umpire'

in London, also appointed by the Minister of Labour. In the same way, under the recent Road Traffic Act, certain officials called Traffic Commissioners were created, one of whose functions is to license the running of 'bus services in their area. If they refuse to permit an existing 'bus service to continue, the proprietor may be injured, or even ruined, but he cannot appeal to the ordinary courts. His only right is to appeal to the Minister of Transport, who, in the words of the Act, 'may make such order as he thinks fit'.

Now I do not for one moment suggest that the Traffic Commissioners and the Minister of Transport are not competent and honest persons, seeking to do their duty without fear or favour. But, when we contrast their position with that of the ordinary judges, we may be forgiven for indulging a certain apprehension. Justice is secured in the ordinary courts by a number of factors. There is, first, the independence of the judges: second, the publicity of the trial: third, the facility afforded to everybody to state his case: fourth, the fact that each judge is personally responsible for the decision: fifth, the fact that the judge must explain the reasons for his decision. The procedure of government departments need not be expected to conform to such a standard. The

citizen cannot complain if his case has to be stated in writing, if its consideration takes place in private; if the decision is reached on the responsibility of the department as a whole rather than of any individual officer. But he should at least be entitled to insist upon a published statement of the reasons underlying the decision, and he should be assured that his judges are quite independent of the department against whose ruling he is appealing. It cannot be said that these safeguards are always forthcoming, nor can anyone deny the temptation which must often unconsciously exist for one official to support the finding of another. It has been said by more than one judge that it is as important that justice should *seem* to be done as that it actually should be done. It is one of the problems of the modern State to reconcile its policy of providing what is called social service with the appearance, as well as with the reality, of impartiality. In England, at any rate, the problem has yet to be solved; and all citizens would deserve well of their country if, without disparaging the great work which is being done on their behalf by the Civil Service, they would assist in finding some more satisfactory means of settling the disputes which must inevitably arise between themselves and the representatives of the State.

Consider Your Verdict—VI

Smithers v. Dexter

THE CASE:—Mr. Smithers is a barrister. In the course of his practice he appears for a man charged with a certain crime. The prisoner, Dexter, gave evidence seeking to establish an alibi. Just before Mr. Smithers' final speech on his behalf he calls him to the dock and tells him he is in fact guilty. Mr. Smithers returns to his place and, after announcing that he can take no further part in the case, retires from Court. Dexter then addresses the jury, but without any effect, for he is convicted. Later Dexter says in public, 'Smithers behaved in an unprofessional way and ought to be disbarred'. Smithers sues Dexter for slander. Dexter's counsel does not plead privilege, *i.e.*, that his remarks are a fair comment upon a matter of public interest. His defence is that the words are true in substance and in fact.

COMMENTS:—This was a good case, full of interest and thick with difficulties. The whole question of the morality of paid advocacy is ventilated. The hundreds of listeners who have asked barristers of their acquaintance the perpetual question, 'How can you defend a man when you know he is guilty?' must have had their curiosity aroused again. The facts of the case are well conceived and easily within the limit of probability. So first, all the author of the plot has earned our grateful congratulations. He has kept his imagination within reasonable bounds and has not tried to reproduce the ingenuity manifest in the breach of Promise case, where the ways of the Bar were precariously under discussion. Situations like the one here considered have in fact arisen and counsel has had to find some working answer to a question which is not so devastating as the lay questioner imagines. Lord Darling once gave a succinct answer in my hearing, 'You are not employed for your judgment but for your advocacy'. And those words state the complete truth. Anyone who is not prepared to serve to the best of his ability the interests of a client, however unfortunate and however unprepossessing, had better avoid practising, at all events in criminal matters. Dexter's counsel, upon whom rested the onus of responsibility for proving the truth of Dexter's allegation, since 'justification' has been pleaded, specified the reasons why the retirement of Smithers might be considered 'unprofessional'.

In the first place the communication was 'privileged', unlike that made to the unfortunate doctor whom last week we tried for perjury. Smithers, so far from being compelled to reveal the new story, was under an obligation to keep it to himself unless Dexter authorised its disclosure. Perhaps such a reason may seem to the layman a somewhat sophisticated legal technicality. But the next point has a more direct appeal. Something can always be said on behalf of the worst malefactor. Any fair-minded person would make this concession. Smithers' counsel admitted that if a client were of doubtful sanity or might have some ulterior motive, his counsel should not act upon his confession. And Dexter's counsel described how some people have made confessions to shield others; probably most boys and girls have made such a confession before leaving school. 'How', says counsel for the defendant, in a perfervid passage, 'in that brief moment in the crowded court, could a counsel, no matter how learned in law, glimpse what strange neurotic workings had prompted that confession?' How, indeed? The confession might well have been untrue. And then followed the vital point: a man may make a confession to murder, when the facts justify a verdict of manslaughter. Let us just consider the implications. X has killed Y under the gravest provocation. For murder we preserve a penalty repudiated by many other countries without any social disaster. X is revolted by his deed

and temporarily quite incapable of any emotions except remorse and despair. In his present mental plight he may well wish for a speedy trial to be followed by his own despatch. Upon his counsel there clearly devolve both the strictest professional obligation and the highest moral duty, not only to prevent X pleading guilty to the charge of murder, but also to use all the resources of his skill and learning to defend his client. X needs saving from himself. Dexter's counsel quoted Dr. Sidney Smith's famous assize sermon and then mentioned the observations of Baron Parke in the Courvoisier case, where a valet was charged with the murder of his master, Lord William Russell. On the second day Courvoisier confessed his guilt to his counsel, adding that he wished to be defended 'to the utmost'. Baron Parke was on the bench beside the trial judge and, in an interview with Courvoisier's counsel, said he was bound to prosecute the defence by every fair means. His duty was to remain impersonal: might not Courvoisier be a lying introvert and not a murderer?

It would be foolish to attempt any conjecture or prediction about the jury's verdict in this case. That is why it is so excellent a case. There is no inescapable conclusion. Such preconceptions as the jury may bring into court with them will not, in fact, tilt the scale. Clarence Darrow, the leading American criminal counsel, who appeared in the famous 'Monkeyville' trial against W. Jennings Bryan, once said, at a legal dinner, 'You may think you're a splendid body of men. But I believe that, if the amount of good which the various professions have achieved could be accurately calculated, lawyers would be found to have done the least'. It may be that a majority of the jury impanelled in this case agree with the strictures so gallantly passed by Mr. Darrow upon his own profession. But that antipathy will not necessarily decide them against Smithers. Some may begin by saying, 'At last we find an honest lawyer more interested in truth than success. I'm for Smithers'. At once some others will retort, 'But Smithers was being paid, or hoped to be paid, for doing the job. If he wouldn't carry on in a crisis like this he ought never to have gone to the Bar'. So mere prejudice is not going to carry the jury anywhere. There is just one fact which may antagonise them against Dexter. It is what the judge towards the end of his summing-up called 'his own inexplicable conduct'. Dexter puts Smithers into an admittedly embarrassing dilemma and then abuses him for taking the decision more inconvenient to himself. At once one's sympathies are aroused for the conscientious Mr. Smithers. And here perhaps is the one weakness in the plot. Had the words complained of been uttered by Dexter's friend or Dexter's aunt we should have had a yet fairer field and no favour. For the words are by themselves ground for the recovery of damages, provided always they are untrue. As the judge explained at the beginning of the speech by Smithers' counsel when Dexter's advocate interrupted, oral imputations on a man in the way of his profession, trade or office, belong to the limited class of slanders which are actionable by themselves without proof of special damage. So we have not to consider any abatement in the snowstorm of briefs descending on Mr. Smithers' clerk which have resulted from Dexter's language. We are left by the judge with the difficult question, 'Did Smithers act deliberately, or was the shock of the confession so great as to deprive him of his intellectual powers? If he did act deliberately, was his conduct such a departure from the rules of his profession as to merit Dexter's observations?' I am glad I am not on this particular jury. Any general agreement would seem highly improbable when the subject could be discussed *ad infinitum*.

VYVYAN ADAMS

Points from Letters

Debatable Points in Taxation

In a talk printed in your issue of November 9, Sir Josiah Stamp set out to prove that high taxation reduced the incentives for certain classes to undertake further work. He used the example of a professional man who was asked to take on a particular job for a fee of £1,000, and gave the following comment:

The fee became immediately liable to income tax at 5s. and super-tax at 6s., so that he would get only £450 net, and on investing this at 4 per cent., it would bring in £18 a year which, again taxed at 11s. in the £, would leave him with a net improvement in his income of only £8 a year.

I am loth to accuse Sir Josiah Stamp of 'intent to deceive', but at least one is justified in suggesting that the terms of his statement are inaccurate. I have shown this statement to a number of individuals and classes of students, and find that the general impression derived from it is that his gain from a fee of £1,000 is only £8 per year. The statement also leads the casual reader to infer that the amount is taxed twice over. Surely the correct statement is that 'the net improvement in his income is £450 for the first year, with a recurring amount of £18 accumulating at compound interest in each successive year, the latter being subject to supertax at the current rate providing his income in that year is above the supertax rate'.

In times when taxation presses heavily upon certain classes of the community, there is little need to exaggerate the extent of the burden.

London, N. 18

DAVID JORDAN

Disarmament

It is becoming more and more obvious that no real progress in international disarmament will be made until governments decide to tackle the private armament manufacturer, a fact which Sir Evelyn Wrench mentioned in his recent broadcast speech. Until governments have sole and complete control over the manufacture of armaments, there will always be grave and serious opposition to any constructive disarmament proposals.

I would like to bring to the notice of your readers some words spoken by Mr. Baldwin in his very sincere speech during the recent debate upon international affairs in the House of Commons. He said: 'I think it is well also for the man in the street to realise that there is no power on earth that can protect him from being bombed', and again a little further on, 'The only defence is in offence, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy, if you want to save yourselves'; and he finished with the words, 'If the conscience of the young men should ever come to feel with regard to this one instrument that it is evil and should go, the thing will be done; but if they do not feel like that—well, as I say, the future is in their hands'. Perhaps it is too much to expect the present generation as a whole to feel that the bombing of defenceless cities and non-combatants is an evil thing—though individually no one could defend it—but it is through such media as the B.B.C. that we ought to instil in the minds of the growing generation such a feeling of conscience about it, that as speedily as possible and by as general a consent as possible a senseless and degrading branch of warfare should be utterly and completely abandoned.

The B.B.C. has made a start in the right direction by bringing us more and more into actual touch with foreign nations, and I would urge that the tendency be encouraged and if possible extended by an opportunity being given to hear the opinions of other nations—not only the opinions of English people on such and such a country—although I do not decry the efforts already made in this direction. Vernon Bartlett in particular is doing splendid work week by week. It is only by destroying a sense of distance and barriers such as frontiers and racial isolation that the cause of true internationalism can prosper—and radio is the surest way to foster this spirit and eventually attain that end.

London, S.W.1

H. C. GILL

Some people would have us believe that we are entering upon a new era, that we are more enlightened spiritually than we were before the War; in fact, that we are developing a moral courage that will banish fear and hate, the prime reasons for war, by friendship and trust of a greater nature than we have hitherto thought it wise to show. To these people I would say that they are assuming that the rest of the civilised world is of the same mental outlook as themselves.

The majority of those in favour of disarmament are of the opinion that it will go a long way to lessen war and that it will save the country a considerable amount of money. But disarmament can only limit the effects of war and can in no way remove or even affect the cause. This limitation of effects of a war, if we should ever have another one, will in my opinion but serve to lengthen that war. One or other of the nations involved will most probably after a certain time start to use long range guns, bomb-

ing aircraft, tanks and all the paraphernalia used almost solely for attacking purposes, which will lead to the use of them by all the belligerent nations. As they did not start with these weapons, the war will be lengthened. The biggest argument against disarmament is that it cannot make us peaceably minded.

West Wickham

B. F. O. SMITH

Broadcast Adult Education and Tutorial Classes

As one who is closely associated both with the work of adult classes and with broadcast adult education, I am a little afraid that the leading article in *THE LISTENER* of November 2 may give rise to some misunderstanding. The adult education movement is, I am sure, young and flexible enough to welcome and make full use of the powerful new medium of broadcasting. The support which adult educational bodies have given to broadcast education is evidence of this. But listening groups cannot take the place of classes, and in these days of economy it is particularly important that public bodies which make grants in aid of classes should not be encouraged to feel that in broadcasting they have an economical substitute. I am afraid that some of your readers may miss the point of your quotation from the *Universities Review*, and interpret it as an endorsement of the criticism of tutorial classes. While I am sure that this is not the intention of your article, I should welcome a specific statement of your position. I regard the listening group movement as a very important experiment in a new field. It would be very regrettable if, through a misunderstanding, the support of the older bodies concerned in adult education were weakened or withdrawn.

Bristol

JOHN H. NICHOLSON

[In our last issue we categorically assured Mr. E. Green, of the Workers' Educational Association, who wrote to us on the same point, that *THE LISTENER* had never suggested that wireless listening groups could in any way take the place of, or provide an economical substitute for, university tutorial classes or other forms of classwork. But we have upon several occasions expressed the view—which we now repeat—that there are very large numbers of intelligent listeners who are not, and never can be regarded as, prospective students in any kind of adult class. For these, wireless, either through group listening or in other ways, is actively catering. In the newly presented report of the Yorkshire Area Council upon listening groups, to which we make editorial reference elsewhere in these pages, it is stated that a careful estimate was made during the spring session, 1932, of the number of group members who had not previously been connected with adult classes of any kind, and it was found that at least 70 per cent. had first gained interest through wireless. We do not, accordingly, favour the idea, which seems popular in some quarters, that no adult educational activity is to be taken seriously unless its purpose is to serve as a feeder to tutorial or other classes. On the contrary, we regard the chief educational value of wireless listening as something lying largely outside the comparatively narrow range of classwork, and therefore not to be judged by the latter's standards.]

With regard to Mr. Nicholson's point concerning criticism of tutorial classes, we hope it is not suggested that these classes are above criticism, or that it is improper that reasoned criticism should appear in the pages either of our contemporary the *Universities Review* or in our own columns. A movement which is as strong as the tutorial class movement considers itself to be should welcome constructive criticism, in the same way as it is welcomed in the case of broadcast educational activity.—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

Judaism and Christianity

I shall be much obliged if you will kindly grant me space to deal with three points raised by listeners to my recent talks. First, some correspondents maintained that the Judæan message was now no longer acceptable because its primitive clarity had become obscured by ecclesiasticism and Rabbinitism; in other words, by 'man-made' additions. But in reply it can be said that this message was given to man to use and develop. It could not remain static and lifeless. Over the value of the development there will naturally be varieties of opinion, but there are so many forms of organised bodies which follow the Judæan message that it cannot be hard for correspondents to find one body that conforms to their requirements.

Secondly, there were correspondents who maintained that the Judæan message is incompatible with science, since it is rejected by so great a scholar as Bertrand Russell (Earl Russell). It is invidious to quote names on the other side. I will content myself by reminding listeners of one incident. Mr. Russell was a distinguished Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Among his contemporary Fellows of the same foundation there was a mathematician of such distinction that, it was said, only five scholars in Europe were capable of understanding his books. There was no limit to the height that this mathematician could expect to attain. Suddenly he gave up his career and became a curate.

That act of renunciation was a gesture that the world has seldom seen: it was a triumph not merely for the Established Church, not merely for Christianity, but for the Judæan message in its widest sense. That man is now the Bishop of Birmingham, and I think that the name of Barnes is a fitting reply to those who hold that science and religion are incompatible.

Finally, I was asked whether there was any platform where Jews and Christians could meet to discuss their different standpoints on the basis of their common ideals, and without any attempt at proselytising. There is such a platform: it is provided by the Society of Jews and Christians: the Honorary Secretary is Miss D. L. Haldin, 13 Ladbroke Terrace, W. 11. Cambridge
HERBERT LOEWE

In his talk in THE LISTENER of November 9, Mr. Loewe states: 'A Jew who no longer believes in God and who does not live the Jewish life is no Jew. A Christian who no longer believes in Jesus and who does not live the Christian life is no Christian'. But what about the Jewish Christian of today, and the Hebrew Christians of all the ages, beginning with the early Jewish disciples and Jewish apostles, the first members of the Christian Church? Are we not Jews because, as the result of our faith in the Saviour, we 'do not live the Jewish life'? In point of fact, we believe that we are truer Jews as members of the Church of Christ than when we were adherents of the synagogue.

This naturally raises the question: What makes a true Jew—obedience to the teaching of Moses and the prophets, or to the teaching of the scribes and pharisees? Obviously the answer is, as every sane Jew acknowledges, that it is the observance of the teaching of the Old Testament. And what do the Hebrew Scriptures teach? They teach by prophecy the coming of a Messiah, that He will be born of a virgin as the God-Man in Bethlehem, before the sceptre departs from Judah, that He will be 'despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief', and that He will be judged and condemned to death. We read: 'By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities'.

Now, the point at issue is this—has the Messiah come or not? Jews who 'live the Jewish life' according to Rabbinic Judaism say that He will come, but we Hebrew Christians, who 'live the Jewish life' according to Mosaic Judaism, believe that the Messiah is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, for He alone has fulfilled the Hebrew Scriptures. Was He not God, manifest in the flesh, born of the Virgin Mary through the Holy Spirit, in the city of David, prior to Israel's world-wide dispersion; was He not scorned and persecuted, judged and condemned to die on the Cross; was He not on the Cross 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world', the antitype of all the types, the theme of all the Jewish prophets? And listen to the words of the Son of God before He ascended into heaven: 'These are the words which I spoke unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Me'. We Hebrew Christians believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as our Messiah and Saviour because we believe in Moses and the prophets, in Mosaic Judaism; and because we accept Him as our Messiah and Saviour in observance of the Old Testament, we are true Jews, despite the fact that we do not 'live the Jewish life' according to Rabbinic Judaism. Hence Mr. Loewe's statement is biblically untrue. In fact, it is more in harmony with truth to say that a Jew who 'lives the Jewish life' according to the synagogue which denies the truth of Christ, is no Jew; for had they believed Moses they would have believed in Him, for Moses wrote of Him.

London, N. 4

ISAAC SAMUEL

Wheat or Rye?

As a layman who, like most Englishman, is attached to the countryside, but has no expert knowledge of farming, may I ask Sir Rowland Biffen and all those other gentlemen who have been contributing broadcast talks recently on the question of wheat-growing in England—for and against—why they never take account of the possibility of reviving rye-growing on a large scale in their country, for the production of rye-bread? It is assumed as axiomatic that the huge urban population of these islands insists on eating white wheaten bread, in spite of the fact that in Germany and other continental countries rye-bread is consumed with relish. But recent events have shown that, if a proper lead is given by our statesmen, and is backed up by effective propaganda in the press, on the wireless and elsewhere, our people can be more easily led to follow a patriotic policy—even if it means reduced comforts and other material sacrifices—than any other in the world. Why, as it is, rye-bread (under various patent names) enjoys a popularity to-day among well-to-do families where it is fashionable for ladies to diet in order to achieve slimness. It only needs pronouncements by a few leading specialists, followed by a speech from Mr. Baldwin, a rumour of its adoption by one or more of our princes, a campaign in the *Daily Blank* sustained over a couple of months (not requiring even the ardour or expense put into the recent Empire Free Trade Crusade), and a series of 9.15 p.m. wireless

talks ending up with a discussion between Mr. Gerald Heard and Professor Macmurray on the subject, to make the eating of rye-bread a lifelong habit with a considerable section of our middle class. This would provide a stable market for our farmers, who would be able to increase the acreage devoted to a crop which is admirably adapted (so I am told) to our British climate, and less fastidious about soil than wheat, which nature surely never intended to be grown as other than a luxury crop in a few favoured spots on the sunny side of England. I hope the farmers will not jump down my throat for saying this. But what will Mr. Hosier say, I wonder?

Bexleyheath

T. JENKINS

Art in Ancient Life

Professor Ashmole mentions decoration on Greek pottery 'carried out with . . . lustrous varnish paint'. I have observed that Greek archaeologists often refer to the pigments used on Greek pottery in language which suggests to the layman that they were in many cases substances incapable of withstanding heat, similar to the paint or varnish usually applied to wood.

The French, whose methods in archaeology, as in sanitation, still smell of the eighteenth century, talk of a glassy porcelain glaze as *vernis*, a word also used for varnishes with a shellac basis. From the manufacturing potter's point of view, the notion of putting paint or varnish on pottery is impractical, not to say unpleasant. Did the Greeks do it? The black glaze of later Greek pottery is clearly a semi-fusible substance which has passed through the kiln, as all practical painting or glazing on pottery should.

Perhaps the chemistry of the matter is still rather uncertain; if so, I suggest that until the question is settled, some non-committal word like 'pigment' would be less misleading than 'varnish' or 'paint'.

London, W. 2

W. W. WINKWORTH

Professor Ashmole's delightful story of the Cretan fisherman, the octopus and the wine-pot, may seem fanciful to some of your readers, especially learned ones. So it is; and I feel grateful to a scientific archaeologist like Professor Ashmole for risking the ridicule of his colleagues in the interests of poetry.

But poetry and truth, as Goethe knew, are allies. The octopus is a favourite with another island people, besides the Cretans. A common subject for the Japanese button-carver and toggle-maker a hundred years ago was an octopus clinging to an old jar just fished out of the sea. The idea, it is true, is used in a totally different way; but the fancy is the same which Professor Ashmole ascribed to the Cretan.

London, W. 1

AMA NO MITSUHIRO

Doctors and their Patients

In his broadcast talk, 'To a Doctor', Mr. Heard reviewed some of the doctor's activities relatively to his patients and his lack of activity, as a corporate body, relatively to the community, and on both counts he was found wanting. He alluded to a certain element of nervousness between the patient and the doctor. It has never occurred to me, and it does not occur to me now, that a doctor is nervous of his patient. He may be anxious to inspire him with confidence or not alienate his sympathy, but it can hardly be said that he is nervous, since he has nothing to be nervous about. The nervousness of the patient, on the other hand, is natural and comprehensible. He does not consult his doctor when he is experiencing the full enjoyment of life, he has heard of some terrible ailments, he has seen people suffer and die; might he not be himself a victim? With such a possibility looming before his eyes, could he be so placid and phlegmatic as not to be nervous?

It seems difficult for Mr. Heard to comprehend why the doctor occasionally resents the suggestion of the patient that he should have another opinion. The explanation is not far to seek. The doctor is most anxious to do all that is humanly possible for the physical welfare of his patient. If and when the necessity arises, he is only too ready to consult, or refer his patient to, a colleague more versed in that particular branch of his art. But of that necessity he should be, and in fact is, the better judge. The interference of the patient, constituting himself sole arbiter, especially when no necessity has arisen, is an aspersion on the doctor's judgment and a reflection on his skill which no self-respecting human being would tolerate.

Mr. Heard's remarks on the doctor, as a collective body, are not more happy. Doctors are few and far between, and consequently they are unable to exert any political influence on a so-called democratic Government. Votes and nothing but votes are the only effective means. We hear of commissions and Royal Commissions appointed by the Government; have we ever heard of a medical commission, so appointed, to investigate and report on certain social evils? What became of the different suggestions made to the Ministry of Health? What became of the different schemes so laboriously evolved by the B.M.A.? All ignored. We should not be in such a haste to blame the doctor.

Stoke-on-Trent

J. R. ABCARIUS

Books and Authors

A Batch of Memories

- Reading, Writing and Remembering. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 18s.
 My Own Way. By His Honour Sir Edward Parry. Cassell. 15s.
 Under Czar and Soviet. By John W. Hird. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.
 A Princess in Exile. By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. Cassell. 16s.
 Memoirs of a British Agent. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. 9s.
 Episodes in a Varied Life. By Lord Conway of Allington. Country Life. 15s.
 Writ in Sand. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann. 6s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

TODAY I wish to touch briefly on seven very interesting autobiographies or books of memoirs. In that sense they are all of one class, and yet in fact they fall into two sharply distinct classes. One deals with foreigners, or at least foreign countries, especially Russia; the other with very English Englishmen living almost entirely in England. And about the latter there is a special and quite separate quality. Now when an Englishman begins to say that something is peculiar to the English, a profound and wide instinct makes us guess that he is going to make an ass of himself in one of two ways: either he is going to say that only the English understand fair play and there are no real gentlemen or sportsmen except the English; or else, what is if possible worse, he is going to say that the English are all stupid Philistines, and there is no art or culture outside Paris or Tokio or the ancient Maya civilisation. Now of the hundred ways of making an ass of oneself, in most of which I have indulged, and to which I have just added this particular form of public speaking, I solemnly swear that I have never fallen into either of these two; for which reason I can now praise this our most noble nation with the detachment of a sane man. Now the mark of these English autobiographies is an extraordinary geniality and repose. It arose partly from the national temper, but partly also from the nineteenth-century security and prosperity. It is a thing to be thankful for; it is not a thing to be ashamed of, but it is not a thing to brag about. When you look back on that Victorian calm, which produced so much happy nonsense, praise the Lord, but do not praise yourself. It is a bad habit, as bad as drugs and far worse than drink. Anyhow, there is, or was, our happy interlude, and it lives in these books. The most many-sided, perhaps, is Mr. E. V. Lucas' *Reading, Writing and Remembering*. To me it recalls a throng of friendships, and not least the friendship of the author. But here again we must not exaggerate. There were fights; the satires on stunt journalism or the *Times Encyclopædia* were really satiric; only I think Mr. Lucas was best of all at nonsense which had no object whatever, like that noble melodrama with illustrations from Whiteley's catalogue, called 'What a Life!' But somehow the differences were dissolved in memory. There were men of violent conviction, especially about the Boer War; Henley, say, was violent on one side and Belloc on the other. Heaven knows what would have happened if they had met; Mr. Henley had a way of throwing a crutch about, but I am sure Mr. Belloc would not have hit a cripple. They never met; but they both met Mr. Lucas; and they both somehow meet in amity in Mr. Lucas' book. Henley remains in one roar of thunderous laughter, sent forth on hearing the name of Watts-Dunton—'Watts-Dunton. What's Dunton?' With the implication of 'What indeed?' And Mr. Belloc remains in the equally resounding roar of a song of his, which Mr. Lucas says ought to be on every gramophone, but of which I am among the few who could supply any of the words, the chorus being, 'And the gates of heaven are opening wide to let poor Hilary in'. What songs! And what frightful nonsense! And what a youth to remember! What a life!

Another very English autobiography is *My Own Way*, by Sir Edward Parry, better known as Judge Parry, which has a quiet glow of generosity and a freedom from pedantry rare in one so loyal to his Guild of the Law. He excuses himself from quoting Latin and archaic forms, except in translations, by a good saying of Emerson's: 'I can swim, but I generally make use of Brooklyn Bridge'. I have no space to do justice to this book, but I will remark one thing about its author which carries me on to the other things I have to consider. Of all judges, Judge Parry has always been the most splendidly sympathetic with the poorer classes, and even with the criminal classes. He is, short of injustice, always on the side of the unfortunate, and even of the deservedly unfortunate. It is therefore an interesting circumstance that he is the only judge I know of who ever had a bullet shot into his head. When one reflects on what some judges and magistrates have been like, one is almost tempted to deplore a mere waste of ammunition, but it throws a certain light on English life. It tends to suggest, so to speak, that tyrannicide is not one of our talents.

Now when we pass to the foreign, and especially the Russian, books, there is plenty of shooting; but there is at least some reason for shooting. I have three books more or less about Russia—*Under Czar and Soviet*, by John Hird; *A Princess in Exile*, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia; and *Memoirs of a British Agent*, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. In all these there are people shot, and some who rather wanted shooting. But here again let us beware of Pharisaism and too facile a self-congratulation on the fact that we do not shoot anybody except the best judge in England. There are dangers in our own slow and sleepy political life, and they are suggested even here. For instance, all the books agree that the first and best part of the Russian Revolution simply meant the peasants seizing land from the landlords and wanting to work it. Well, the time may yet come when we in England may wish to God we had a million peasants who really wanted to work the land. It is not an unmixed blessing that we have no peasants' rising because we have no peasants to rise. This first warning applies specially to the very important book of Mr. Hird's, because, though he himself does not mean it in that sense, the fact that he disapproves both of the Czar and the Soviets may be read by some superficial Britons in the old stale sense: that those horrid, hairy foreigners are always wrong whatever they do. The real point of Mr. Hird's exhaustive and destructive study of Bolshevism is much more serious. If I might summarise my own impression, it is that Bolshevism is bad not because it is wild, but because it is tame. Nay, it is not so much hasty as very slow, everything depending on favours from a complex of despotic committees of which the main result is mere favouritism. But the Bolsheviks, of course, did plenty of shooting in their time, and it is rather notable that about 80 per cent. of the people they shot were ordinary poor working men. Naturally, the Princess Marie looks at all this from another angle; but even here the difference between the English and the other mood is apparent. In some the alien



attitude gives us a shock, as in the young Prince who not only murdered Rasputin, but talked gaily about it over the teacups, as if it were the best joke in the world. Few of us would exactly go into mourning for Rasputin, but we like our assassins to be a little more sensitive. But always remember there is an element of passionate reality in these things often lacking in our politics. There is a very moving passage in the Princess' memoirs about how she saw a young revolutionist about to throw a bomb at her carriage, when, seeing it full of children, he suddenly forbore; and how, long afterwards, she was moved with a strange attraction towards meeting and knowing him; and how horrified were her high Tory kinsfolk at her knowing any rebel who would throw any bomb at anybody. Now, in tragedies like that, the gratitude is real gratitude and the horror is real horror. No wonder the party spirit is more bitter than that of our party system, where a Tory says of a Socialist, with whom he has just been dining: 'Divided as I am from the Right Honourable Gentleman by an abyss of antagonism, I trust I shall ever recognise', etc., etc. I say again, do not be too self-complacent; there are perils that way as well as the other. No one would agree about that more than Mr. Lockhart, who occasionally got across British prejudices, though doing good service as a British Agent. His account of Russian affairs is also highly instructive, and some of his stories very amusing.

Curiously enough, the one human link common to the English memoirs and the recollections of Russia is the personality of Mr. Maurice Baring. He figures fantastically in the book of Mr. Lucas, with his torrent of triplets flowing, or trying to flow, from his somewhat unreliable typewriter. He figures hardly more fantastically in the fantastic affairs of Russia. He appears to be the only person who is at once wild enough for Russia and amiable enough for England. I could myself add some wild stories to Mr. Lucas' book, but I think it enough to quote one story from Mr. Lockhart's book. When Russia was in an early constitutional stage, a deputation representing the British Constitution approached the Czar, accompanied by four highly respected Bishops of the Church of England. Maurice Baring acted as interpreter, and accompanied the deputies home in the train, in which they remained decorously in sleeping compartments behind drawn blinds. At one station some Russian priests suddenly appeared, bringing bread and salt and demanding to see the Bishops. The railway guard, in despair, called on Maurice Baring and, as the narrator says, that great man was equal to the occasion. Poking his head out of the window,

he shouted in his best Russian, 'Go in peace! The Bishops are asleep'. Then, to clinch the matter, he said, in confidential but firm tones, 'They are all drunk'.

I could deliver a long lecture on that speech as a real example of translation from one language to another. You will be relieved to know, however, that I am not at the beginning of my lecture, but at the end. I have contrasted two types of memoirs, the English and the Continental. I have pointed out that we should rejoice in the geniality of our own, but not rebuke the lack of it in others who have suffered more terrible things. The Tory and the pro-Boer can mingle in the memory of Mr. Lucas; it will be long before the Tory and the Bolshevik, or even the Socialist and the Bolshevik, can mingle in the memory of any Russian. But it is right to add that there is a third type of biography, born very often in this island—that of the man who remains national and yet has a native itch for wandering and remembering the most remote experiences. There are several books of this third class; a good example is *Episodes in a Varied Life*, by Lord Conway of Allington, for though Lord Conway has had many experiences at home, including even the terrible experience of being a Member of Parliament, the pages that remain most vividly with the reader are those that concern his famous mountaineering exploits and his scientific interest in the very bones of the earth. I venture to say Lord Conway never quite felt he was abroad, because, where there was a mountain, he was at home. Finally, I should like to mention a book which does not perhaps strictly fall within the definition of this group; yet it is autobiographical, as almost all that its brilliant author has written is autobiographical. It is the last book by Mr. Cunningham-Graham, *Writ in Sand*; and I put it last because last is the second best to first. It is a series of very vivid sketches of those many worlds that have been touched and tinged by the great civilisation of Spain. In all this Mr. Cunningham-Graham is typical of a very typical sort of Briton, for whom the British Empire very seldom gets credit. As against the cads who drag our name in the mire everywhere, it must be said that there are few foreign countries that do not know of some highly cultivated English, Scotch or Irish gentleman, who is quite peculiarly learned in their history and in love with their traditions. You have heard of Mr. Cunningham-Graham as a Socialist, or more lately as a Scottish Nationalist; but all these are but expressions of his revolt against the vulgarity of success. And he still stands up like a mountain of magnanimity, rising so steeply out of its native rocks that its crest can behold the ends of the earth.

An Achievement of Youth

Northern Lights. By F. Spencer Chapman. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

POLAR ACHIEVEMENTS are only rarely the work of young men; still more rare is it that an undergraduate fresh from the university should immediately step into the first rank of great explorers. Nansen crossed Greenland at the age of 27, and now we have the record of how Watkins, while not yet 24, continued Nansen's work on the Greenland coast and ice-cap.

The British Arctic Air Route Expedition, of which Mr. Chapman's book is the official record, was planned by Watkins during a winter in Labrador. He had the vision of a possible air route, but at the same time knew both as a flier and as an Arctic explorer how little use it was to talk of such a possibility without knowing all that there was to be known about the weather along the route, the landing conditions on the different sections, and the chances of adequate supply depots. His Greenland expedition was planned to investigate all these problems, and to give his country the lead in the development of what might prove a great Imperial Air Route between Britain and Canada.

Watkins had already undergone his Arctic apprenticeship as leader of a summer expedition to Spitsbergen in 1927 at the age of 20, and of an over-wintering expedition to Labrador in 1928-29. The Air Route Expedition left London in the *Quest* in July 1930, and returned after about fifteen months, rich in results and experiences. The party of fourteen consisted mainly of men fresh from Cambridge, but also included two representatives of the Air Force, a Naval Surgeon and an officer from the Signal Service. The *Quest* spent the first two months exploring the East Greenland coast between 65 degrees and 68 degrees N. Lat., acting as moving base to the two expedition aeroplanes. With the oncoming of winter the ship returned to Norway, and Watkins' party settled down to a winter routine and to maintaining an ice-cap station which had been set up 8,000 feet above sea level on the inland ice. In due course Courtauld had to remain here alone for five months, and the chapter which he himself contributes seems a very modest record of a great achievement. More exciting is the account of how the last relieving party struggled to reach the ice-cap station in the late autumn, and took 39 days to reach the station 140 miles from the base, as compared with twelve days in summer conditions. Mr. Chapman acted as leader of this party, and his narrative is the best thing in the book, while the journey

is fully comparable in hardships with the great Antarctic records of Scott and Shackleton.

With the return of spring four major journeys were launched, one to climb Mount Forel, two to cross the ice-cap to Holsteinborg and Ivigtut respectively, and one to explore the coastline southward round Cape Farewell. Watkins himself led the last of these with Lemon and Courtauld as his companions, and it was only by good leadership and resource that they pulled through in face of unexpected difficulties and dangers. For the most part the accounts of the different journeys are written by the leaders themselves, but Mr. Chapman fuses them in a first-rate narrative which gains very considerably by the author's freshness to Arctic scenes and travel.

The book as it stands was written last summer, and almost immediately afterwards Watkins, Chapman and two others returned to Greenland to complete their work on the Air Route. Then at the end of August came the news that Watkins had been drowned while out hunting in his kayak. Some details have since been published, but they do little to explain the circumstances of his death or to soften the bitterness which all must have felt at the death of this brilliant young explorer. Watkins stands out as the hero of the book, and one of the chapters describes more particularly his exceptional skill with kayak. A photograph shows him shooting a seal from an ice-floe, and his kayak rests on the ice in the foreground. This suggests that the kayak floated off into the water, and that he was drowned in trying to reach it. Against this is the knowledge that when hunting by himself he was never likely to adopt this method, and that the photograph is really more pictorial than an exact record of actual hunting conditions. Like Mallory's and Irvine's deaths on Everest, Watkins' must also remain unexplained and be equally deplored.

The book is very well produced, and there is a first-rate selection of photographs and maps. Watkins himself had written the introduction before leaving for Greenland, and a foreword has therefore been added by the President of the Royal Geographical Society which refers to Watkins' untimely death, sums up his life and achievements, and rounds off the worthy record of an exceptional and splendid adventure.

J. M. WORDIE

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Napoleon. By Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 16s.

WHETHER REGARDED as biographies or as glimpses of history in and through diverse characters, the group to which this *Napoleon* belongs are always interesting for their approach. *James II* was the study of a rigid character in the circumstances least of all suited to it; *Joan of Arc* the soul of a legend into which no breath of controversy was allowed to steal. Each character is presented in a different way, because each played a different part in the central conception of history that gives the real unity to the whole series. All Mr. Belloc's historical biographies radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the hub of his *Europe and the Faith*. With this in mind, the method and the criticism of his *Napoleon* are clear and simple. He begins with an essay on the character, motives, and tasks of his man, and he follows with thirty-three 'episodes', grouped into seven sections, from 'The Arising', through 'Cæsar' to 'The Mother and Death'. Mr. Belloc sees in Napoleon the man who tried, and nearly succeeded, to re-impose unity upon Europe which the growth of contending nationalities had disrupted with the Reformation. Before that, with whatever quarrels, there had been an entity, Christendom. After that, Europe was dissolving into the chaos of conflicting members without a common culture or peace, such as we still know. Napoleon is seen as the successor of Augustus and of Charlemagne, and his dynasty as the fourth in that great tradition. Unfortunately, however, he had to maintain, as a newcomer and without the roots that give security, the Revolution that he inherited, and to work in circumstances constantly shifting which imposed one expedient after another. After the early conquests he had scarcely a pause in which to breathe, and each successive war was an attempt to achieve the peace that perpetually eluded him. It is a great conception, but it implies in Napoleon a breadth and depth of view that do not seem to have been his. Mr. Belloc is gentle to the weaknesses—to the failure, first at Tilsit and later after Wagram, to destroy Prussia and to restore Poland, and then the interference in Spain—but the aim of Napoleon seems to have been much more that of Alexander than of Augustus or Charlemagne. This conception is the pivot of the book, and here, therefore, is the major criticism. Napoleon's projects extended to Louisiana and the Pacific. He boxed the compass because he lacked the major principle here attributed to him.

The 'episodes' are largely military, and we all know what Mr. Belloc's sketches of campaigns can be. For relief they include, however, Napoleon's childhood in Corsica and boyhood in France, Brumaire, the Ceracchi conspiracy, the preliminaries of the Concordat, the coronation, the divorce of Josephine, and a few more. But we scarcely see Napoleon making peace. We hear nothing of the Code. It is the great captain that we remember. Thus the severe selection is not perfectly balanced, nor even for a bird's eye view is this volume enough. Mr. Belloc, however, has never written better. The pulse and splendour of his rhythm are as moving as ever, and worthy of the great conception that they carry. Moreover, Napoleon's career is related to our present, and once more this author proves unrivalled in the sweep and unity of his view. His own books, indeed, are like a series of campaigns to impose his reading of history, and among them *Napoleon* is victorious, though not complete.

Last Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. Orioli. 30s.

In *Last Poems* there are several poems by Lawrence in the manner of those in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* which will delight most readers, and which are as beautiful as anything he wrote. A lot of the work in this volume suffers from being incomplete, and, even more, suffers from the fact that Lawrence wrote from incomplete experience, so that when we read some of these poems (unfortunately this is true of the 'Ship of Death', the most ambitious poem in the book), all we are left with is feelings of contradiction and perplexity, and even these contradictions are not completely expressed. But in some of the poems that follow the 'Ship of Death' and especially in one called 'Shadows', there is a note of peace and resignation which we do not find elsewhere in Lawrence's work. Most rare and interesting of all, in a few of these poems Lawrence speaks from an experience that has absolute authority. This authoritative statement is to be found in a short epigrammatic poem such as the 'Retort to Whitman':

'And whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race'.

or in 'Tourists':

'There is nothing to look at any more.
Everything has been seen to death'.

It is difficult to imagine that any great man could have suffered after his death more than Lawrence from the praise of

his admirers. The introduction by Mr. Richard Aldington is the typical product of a disciple. The critical section of the essay begins with an attack on James Joyce which might also be interpreted as a very back-handed compliment. Mr. Aldington's style is a parody of Lawrence's style at its worst: e.g., *Ulysses* is described as 'a strange, perfect, rather awful production of man's will and mind'. But *Ulysses* is certainly not perfect, and it is dangerous to praise Lawrence at the expense of Joyce, because with all his genius Lawrence never had the artistic courage of Joyce, nor did he ever create a character so human as Bloom, nor write a book so largely genial as *Ulysses*. Mr. Aldington then goes on to praise Lawrence for his worst fault, his badness as an artist. 'Lawrence didn't care much whether his writing was good or bad. . . . Even the standard must flow. Writing was just part of living'. What a critic of this sort needs is a cook who once a day serves him a meal that makes him ill. Then, when he complains, the cook should say: 'Oh, cooking is just part of living. The standard must flow'. Lastly, Mr. Aldington fills the book with numbers of obvious slips of the pen which Lawrence had never had time to correct in manuscript. Not to have corrected the more obvious of these faults seems a curious way of interpreting the spirit in which Lawrence lived and wrote.

Unwilling Passenger. By Arthur Osburn Faber. 10s. 6d.

Through the Menin Gate. By R. H. Mottram Chatto and Windus. 6s.

These two forcible books, the former by an Army doctor, the latter by a marching subaltern already famous for *The Spanish Farm Trilogy*, are unashamedly about the War, and in both cases the keynote of their contents is disillusionment. Not disillusionment, be it noted, in a political, social or patriotic sense informs their pages, so much as an overwhelming soul-weariness at the abject futility of the holocaust signified by modern war. It would almost seem as if the authors were worthily attempting to drive even further afield those who still insist, in the written and spoken word, that the clash of nations in arms is hallowed by scriptural authority and glorified by sacrifice. If books like these, written at first hand with an intense sincerity, continue to possess the literary field, soon there will be little left but an occasional film from Hollywood, together with the tournament and tattoo, to implant in the mind of the rising generation the wrong idea.

Mr. Osburn is the first regular officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps to record his experiences and reflections of the Great War in lengthy book form. He has set himself the highly honourable task of showing us the 'dustbin' side of war, including disposal of the refuse and the picking over of the heaps, and well has he accomplished what he set out to do. No timid soul need shrink from the pages of *Unwilling Passenger*. There is nothing offensive in it from beginning to end. It is simply a piteous record of a brave non-combatant's incessant struggles to save life and alleviate suffering in the worst imaginable circumstances and if, in writing it, he shows himself intrepid and deaf to every call but that of duty, it is only because such qualities are impossible to conceal. A book like this is good for us because it adds to the sum total of our knowledge of the intrinsic character of war. It is not fair in any picture of war to leave out the hideous 'dustbin' side. The fighting men know of it well, but are necessarily inarticulate, besides possessing a happy resilience to horror without which they could not continue to fight. The doctors, nurses, medical orderlies and stretcher-bearers know it. Are they not the dustmen of the armies? Everyone knows of it except the great non-combatant mass at home who support the armies in the field, and who are in a position to envisage death without the ability to imagine suffering, and it is to their address that *Unwilling Passenger* should be directed. It forms a notable contribution towards instructing the national conscience as to the price which is paid.

In *Through the Menin Gate* more than half the space is occupied by 'A Personal Record', in which the author sketches his own career in France as a trench officer in the Ypres salient and, subsequently, as a District Officer in his Corp's area dealing with the myriad claims of an outraged peasantry against damage done, directly or indirectly, by the allies who had come from the four corners of the world to fight on their behalf. The whole is a vivid picture, not stinted in the telling, of actual conditions in the shallow, waterlogged trenches and in the area just behind them, by an observer-actor who, by the very fact of his juniority, could not have been better placed to get things in the right perspective. That the whole book is written with accustomed charm and distinction it is needless to say. In 'A Personal Record' the process is made clear how the rigour and squalor of trench life, and the never-ceasing dribble of death, often unnecessary, sometimes wanton, gradually effected

change in the New Army officer of junior rank, making of him, from the joyous knight he was, with chivalry in his soul, a callous cog in a machine, with iron instead. *Through the Menin Gate* contains also thirteen short stories and articles, worthy companions to 'A Personal Record' in their disillusioning tendency, among which 'Through the Menin Gate' itself and 'Armistice Day Memories' are very beautiful commemorative pieces.

Modern Composers. By Guido Pannain. Dent. 10s. 6d.

There is a set of most brilliant, instructive, thought-compelling essays on contemporary music—a book really worthy of inclusion in every music-lover's library. It begins with a chapter on 'Changing Values in Modern Music' and continues with essays on Strauss, Stravinsky, de Falla, Hindemith, Kodaly, Schönberg, Szymanowski, Ravel, Vaughan Williams, Busoni, Bloch, Honegger, to end with a brief 'Survey of American Music'. The author has a rare capacity not only to see his subjects whole, but to relate composers with their environment, historical background, and counterparts in music or in the other arts. Much of what he says is, of course, highly controversial. But even when disagreeing with him, one has to grant that he makes his case forcibly. It may be felt now and then that he indulges in sweeping generalisations: but this is mainly because certain general points are dealt with, perforce, far too briefly. A remark such as this: 'Wagner paved the way for coming revolution. But the revolution failed to advance. The creative spirit contracted into a cultural one—wonderful in itself, but not progressive' (this *propos* of Schönberg) might usefully be developed into a long chapter. Maybe some day Pannain will devote a book to his views on musical psychology and evolution, as men such as Kurth or Mersmann have done. And no doubt that book will prove very illuminating.

Pannain's capacity to determine essentials is great. He also feels strongly. He can praise generously and discriminatingly the enthusiastic chapter on Bloch, 'the prince of modern musicians' and that on Ravel, more moderate in tone but as warm as it is subtle, are typical in this respect; and he can hit hard—for instance, with regard to 'Œdipus Rex' he remarks: 'It is a brand of pedantry which in a musician of wide capabilities such as Stravinsky may be interesting, but which, if the personal magnetism be subtracted, is nothing but dry pedantry. Stravinsky is none too successful a pedant: his expiation is made by the emotion he cannot conceal . . . he can never step into the seventh heaven of pure melody, where he longs to be'. But, as this quotation shows, even then he is concerned with holding the scales even.

The translator, Mr. M. R. Bonavia, deserves high praise for his skill in preserving the vivid, versatile, telling character of the Italian original.

Tiger-Man. By Julian Duguid. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Hero worship is the natural and proper inspiration of those who, like Mr. Duguid, attempt the difficult task of writing the life story of a romantic living friend; and hero-worship is by definition an insufficient basis for biography. As a biography, therefore, *Tiger-Man* is incomplete: but biography is only its *nom-de-plume*. In effect, *Tiger-Man* is a first-class collection of adventures in exotic travel, well linked together on the thread of a striking personality, and vivid and exciting to the last.

Green Hell, this author's previous book, will have initiated the reader into the fantastic behaviour of man and nature in Bolivia and Brazil. He will recall how the author's expedition was more or less saved by the timely appearance of Sacha Siemel, a hunter and wanderer by choice, who knew the country by heart, head and skin. His peculiarity was that he hunted jaguars with a spear and lived alone. Tiger-Man, as he came to be called, was definitely a man with a story in him. The son of a bootmaker in Libau, he first showed his independence of spirit by running away from home and stowing away among the anchor chains in the bows of a steamer bound for Königsberg. He was determined to get away and be free. Free from what? At first from the familiar round of a provincial town and the prosaic intentions of his relatives; then, after doing all kinds of jobs in towns of the United States and in Buenos Aires, free from the corroding, devitalising life of cities. But a man must work to live, and in melting-pot countries like South America the man who is not out to make his fortune quickly is reduced to the level of a journeyman at once. His advantage over his like in Europe is that he can throw up his job and begin again elsewhere. This was Tiger-Man's adventurous choice: to wander living on the country, working where opportunity led, hunting and free.

It is hard to suggest the variety of his adventures. One sees, for example, the sharp and dangerous edge of the race problem in the mining-camp scene where, on a scruple of honour, the question of a stolen revolver nearly led to deadly fighting. This kind of tension Mr. Duguid manages well. The point of honour recurs in nearly every episode. Whether in the tropics of Brazil or the pampas of the Argentine life was nothing when weighed against the dignity of the moment. Instinctive dislikes

had only two solutions, the death of one party or his tactful departure. This is indicated in the extraordinary episode of the silversmith's workshop where Tiger-Man was employed. A jealous craftsman filled the air with enmity for weeks until he uttered the final insult, 'Thief!' Both Tiger-Man and the craftsman knew the time had come and Tiger-Man fought his man and left him for dead. The man lived, but his opponent, aided by the tactful lateness of the unofficial police of the neighbourhood, was well out of the district that night. Thus summarised, the episode sounds like incredible melodrama, but Mr. Duguid shows how in this casual and turbulent scene and among these races the code of honour is more precious than law and order. Before the end, Siemel's brother was murdered, but the murderer's life was spared. Disease had already claimed him.

The wandering Levantine pedlar, common to the Chaco, as readers of Mr. Cunningham Graham will remember, the heart-broken settler losing his fight against the forest, the ex-bandit turned policeman, men and women of all nationalities and mixtures, are present in vivid sketches. There is a horrible description of a cloud of parana fish sweeping down upon a struggling swimmer; and a picturesque account of Tiger-Man's wrestling bout with an itinerant and professional strong man. If this book has not quite the quality of wonder nor the smell and presence of the land which were the fruits of Mr. Duguid's first impression in *Green Hell*, his compromise between fiction and biography is a good working vehicle. *Tiger-Man* is, as they say, a book for boys of all ages.

Porcelain as an Art and a Mirror of Fashion

By Robert Schmidt. Harrap. 25s.

It may be claimed for the Chinese that they were the first to value pottery for its inherent artistic qualities. This is not to say that such qualities are absent from the wares made in earlier times by many other peoples, or that in some of these wares, such as Greek vases, there was not a definite artistic intention; but in these cases either the purpose of the potter was utilitarian, and beauty, though incidental in the wares, was not his aim, or the wares were regarded as a vehicle for painting and their beauties are those of draughtsmanship or moulded relief, and not of the kind essentially peculiar to pottery. By their good fortune or perspicacity in discovering the properties of kaolin, the Chinese were led to the discovery of porcelain and the appreciation of its possibilities as a medium of artistic expression. Porcelain bowls were made for the sake of their beauty quite apart from their function as vessels, and the new material needed only to be known to become an object of covetousness all over the world. Regarded as an almost superhuman product, Chinese porcelain inspired potters wherever it made its way with the desire to discover its secrets or to make the nearest possible imitation of it.

The course of this evolution, the story of the spread of porcelain from China to the Western world and its enthusiastic adoption in Europe in the eighteenth century as an esteemed adjunct to the equipment of cultured society, is well told in this admirable book by Professor Robert Schmidt. A preliminary survey of the porcelain of the Far East—Japan was an important factor as well as China in the introduction of the porcelain vogue into Europe—is followed by a short history of the various European factories, in the early stages part of the household establishment of reigning princes, who vied with one another in their devotion to the spread of this unfamiliar art. Then comes a discussion of the various types of vessels ordinarily made in porcelain; the new material was well adapted to meet the needs of the new social habits of the eighteenth century, the serving of tea and coffee, the taking of snuff and the use of perfumes. Occasionally it was pressed into service for which it was less well suited, such as altar furniture and even organ pipes. It was in groups and figures for table decoration or the mantelpiece and sideboard that porcelain peculiarly came into its own, and in this direction it became in Europe a new art. Porcelain sculpture, as Professor Schmidt points out, was the child of baroque, born at a time of happy conjunction when an artist of inexhaustible inventiveness was ready to play trumps to the lead of a king who gave no thought to the cost in planning his grandiose schemes. To Augustus the Third of Saxony, and Kaendler, his willing servant at Meissen, Europe owes its dominant porcelain style: started on its career by them it became in due course the pre-eminent eighteenth century art, in which rococo was to find its most apt expression. The aim of Professor Schmidt has been to emphasise the human interest of his subject as an aspect of the history of European culture, and it is this which gives his book a wider appeal than the ordinary handbook intended for the guidance of the connoisseur. Those who wish to know what he really has to say or to appreciate the graceful irony of his style will do well if they can read him in the original German; for the English text is not free from gross mistranslations and has a note of epigrammatic smartness which is not his own; nor is it conceivable that he would give his approval to the strange notions as to the nature of rococo disclosed on p. 24 of the translator's introduction.

Foreign Books

Recent French Novels and Essays

LES BIEN-AIMÉES, by Jérôme et Jean Tharaud, is a real novel, and not, as is usual with the Tharaud brothers, an *enquête* in literary form. Those who love the Tharauds will love this book, in which all their qualities of style and mind are found, and those who remain indifferent to Jews or Arabs or other exotics will have a chance to enjoy the Tharauds in a straightforward novel, and therefore add a very valuable estate to their intellectual possessions. *Les Bien-Aimées* is the tale of a young man whose numerous love-affairs, mostly platonic, at a very early age, have put sexual desire at a discount with him, and who, meeting at last a truly spiritual and intellectual woman, enters with her into a pact to marry and abstain. The scheme works well for a while, as the chaste couple are truly in love, but the woman's health, never very good—which fits in with her peculiarity—breaks down. So her doctor becomes the all-important factor in a life soon to end; and simultaneously her husband falls in love, and quite normally this time, with one of her friends. But the wife, who becomes more and more tyrannical as her end comes nearer, is never allowed to find out, and dies, if not happy, at least having had her own way to the end. Six months later the other two are married and a child is expected.

The reading of *Les Bien-Aimées* is a perpetual pleasure. The delicacy of the style, the constant, great value of the psychological observations, make the reader accept as true situations which, depicted by a lesser artist, would seem impossible. Here is an analysis of the husband's mind, quite near the end:

'Elle dormait à peine, et, dans ses insomnies, s'abandonnant au désespoir, elle lui disait, dans cet état de clairvoyance hallucinée où la mettait la drogue: Je ne vous verrai plus, je serai toute seule. Il n'avait plus le courage de lui dire comme autrefois, quand elle était allée se faire opérer à Casa: Tu ne seras pas seule. Où que tu ailles, je te suivrai. Tout ce qu'il trouvait à lui répondre, c'est qu'elle était la proie de terreurs irrationnelles, et il arrivait presque à s'en persuader lui-même. . . . L'idée qu'elle pouvait disparaître tout à coup de sa vie, c'était une idée qu'il repoussait. Le bonheur, dans son esprit, s'organisait de telle façon que Clotilde ne pouvait pas, ne devait pas en être absente. Il s'arrangerait (comment? il ne le savait pas, mais il s'arrangerait) pour qu'elle en eût sa part. Ce serait difficile? Il avait réussi des choses encore plus difficiles! Mais il ne fallait pas qu'elle mourût! Tout au fond de lui, il sentait que sa disparition le délivrerait moins d'elle que ne faisait la maladie, et qu'en mourant, elle s'animerait d'une autre vie plus redoutable que ce pauvre reste d'existence où elle était ensevelie. Tout cela est absurde! se disait-il en essayant d'écarter ces idées de cauchemar. Mais il ne pouvait pas y échapper.'

Jacques Chardonne, in *Claire*, has also written a small masterpiece, and in a somewhat similar mood. Claire is a girl born outside marriage, whose father loves her. But the mother poisons the girl's mind against the father. The girl learns all the facts when she is twenty, and henceforth is haunted by the idea that everyone who knows her will despise or pity her. She locks herself up in a country house, and cuts herself off from the whole world. But a young friend of her father manages to get at her; love follows and in the end triumphs. With great force and intelligence, the husband fights a protecting battle, on the psychological field, all round his wife, and they achieve an exceptional kind of fairly perfect happiness. But at the end the wife dies, accidentally. The tale as a tale is not insisted upon at all; we gather it up as we go. The whole novel is a very delicate study of states of mind and feeling, written in the most charming French.

'Un matin, allumant ma cigarette, après le déjeuner, et caressé par une légère brise, qui me pénétrait le cœur sous mon vêtement de toile, je marchais dans l'allée, regardant entre les arbres une échappée de campagne.

'En me retournant, je vis Claire, qui était restée près de la table du jardin. Je sentis alors que je ne me lasserais jamais de ce pays, et que j'aimerais Claire toujours. J'eus la certitude que l'amour est, par son essence, unique, constant, indéfectible. Ce sont les hommes qui le trahissent.

'On se dit que tout ce qui nous échoit, surtout le bonheur, ne concerne que nous et s'est produit par hasard. Mais ce n'est pas tout seul que nous atteignons aux émotions graves dans le désespoir ou dans la joie. Rien n'est absolument fortuit et personnel.'

Pierre Benoît, now of the Académie française, has published *L'île verte*. It is not so exciting as *L'Atlantide*, or *Koenigsmark*, or *Le Lac Salé*; but it is possibly of a higher literary quality. The *mauvaise farce* element, which plays too large a part in much of Pierre Benoît's early work, is here absent. The description of landscapes on the Garonne and the Gironde, and the atmosphere of Bordeaux, are admirably done. In some ways the book reads more like a Mauriac than like a Pierre Benoît: surely a very great

compliment to Pierre Benoît. The tale is that of an old man who falls in love with birds, and buys half an island in the Gironde to make it into a wild bird sanctuary. He gets into great trouble with his neighbours, goes more or less mad, and in the end shoots an intruder. So the police come and remove him. A very sad love affair between two other people is woven in and out of the story, but the real interest is in the relationship between the old man and his birds. He has a sort of magic power over them, and they rally to his defence when he is taken away.

'C'étaient eux. On aurait dit un tourbillon, une nuée au dessus du fleuve. Ils entouraient la gabare qui emportait leur protecteur. On le leur avait volé à l'improviste. Ils faisaient ce qu'ils pouvaient pour essayer de le reprendre. . . . On les voyait arriver de partout, du fin fond de l'estuaire, de l'océan, des marais, des quatre coins de l'horizon. Les plus gros, hérons et grues, butors et cigognes, fendaient l'air à toute vitesse, leurs terribles becs lancés en avant. Il n'eut pas fait bon à l'allure où elles filaient, se trouver sur le passage de l'une de ces flèches là. Mais c'étaient les plus petits qui étaient les plus enragés, oui, les guignettes, les culs-blancs, les huitriers, tous les menus trotteurs de plage, tous ces râles noirs et ces bécasseaux qu'il avait tant aimés. Il en sortait de partout. Ils emplissaient l'espace d'une espèce de cendre grise. Ils le faisaient résonner de leurs aigres cris déchirants.'

Charles Silvestre is not so well known outside France as he should be. His *roman provincial* would certainly make some of the odd corners of his country loved, though sometimes in fear, by his readers. *Monsieur Terral* is his last, and perhaps his best, novel. It is a really extraordinary picture of life in the Auvergne, not so much among the peasants as among the well-to-do. Monsieur Terral is a rich bourgeois who loves and collects antiques. He is himself an amazing mixture of the artist and the miser, with surprising capacities in the direction of love. He is certainly one of the best-described figures in the novel of recent years. But the people among whom his various pursuits take him, their vices and intrigues, make a world of picturesque and disconcerting realism and reality. Much knowledge of France is to be obtained from this book, and it will lead the reader to search for more novels by Silvestre.

Floris Delattre, who is a Professor of English in the University of Lille, has published two books of great interest to English readers, in two widely separated fields, and with equal success. One is *Le roman psychologique de Virginia Woolf*, and many readers of Virginia Woolf will be surprised by the book. Those who take her seriously will be delighted, and find here many arguments in support of their cause that would probably not have entered their minds. Those who refuse to accept *la grande romancière* will have great pleasure in contradicting Professor Delattre's clever points. In any case, it is a treat to see the famous methods of the French universitaires, which have done such good work on Wordsworth and Meredith, applied to a living author.

The other book by Professor Delattre will appeal to the serious souls that see the end of the world a year or two ahead. *L'Angleterre et le conflit houiller* shows the deep disorganisation of England after the War. The conflict over the mining business is studied as a symptom of a serious illness in the social body. This is a huge work of over 400 large pages, based on formidable documentation. The conclusion is favourable to England: 'Malgré les menaces qui pèsent sur elle, et son fléchissement indéniable, mais avec ses virtualités toujours si puissantes, la vieille Angleterre demeure, aujourd'hui, une des nations les plus robustes de l'Ancien Monde'. This book will show the English that they have solid friends also among the French.

DENIS SAURAT

The latest volume published by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments deals with East Herefordshire (H.M. Stationery Office, 30s.), which is rich in prehistoric earthworks, and also in mediæval secular buildings and examples of sixteenth and seventeenth century domestic architecture. The two small towns of Ledbury and Ross-on-Wye contain a high proportion of early buildings, and many timber-framed houses of the fourteenth or fifteenth century date are scattered through the county. Among the finest parish churches of East Hereford are those of Much Marcle (thirteenth century) with its fine effigies, Bromyard and Marden. The district contains several fine twelfth-century fonts, particularly that at Castle Frome, and also a fairly large proportion of mediæval bells (thirty-five in all). The volume as a whole is illustrated with scores of beautiful photographs of old cottages and houses, churches, doorways, effigies, fonts, architectural details, furniture, etc., which make it a revelation of the antiquarian riches which part of a single English county is capable of providing.